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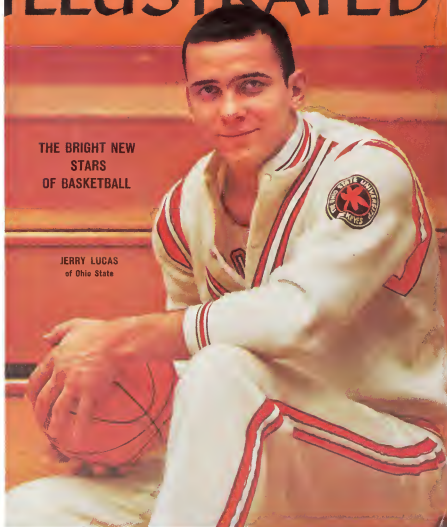
JANUARY 11, 1950

America's National Sports Weekly

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LOVE THAT **LARK** *BY STUDEBAKER*

Covers Jerry Lucas ▶

This handsome youngster, whose deep-set green eyes appraise the world with a calm and steady gaze, is the year's top college basketball rookie. His story starts on page 34.

Photograph by Jerry Conbe

Next week



▶ On the eve of a new winter tour, last year's low-scoring, big-money winner, Art Wall, is the golfer to beat. Alfred Wright scouts the cast of pros who will tee off in California.

▶ Harry F. Guggenheim, a man who has put his brains and money to good philanthropic use, tells Editor Whitney Tower about his racing success with Can Hoy Stable.

▶ Arizona's unique Desert Museum recently was endangered by mining grants. John O'Reilly tells how citizens of that state (and 26 others) won a victory for conservation.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME Inc., 149 W. Michigan Ave., Chicago 31, Ill. This issue is published in a national and regional office. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Subscription: U.S. & Canada \$1.50 per year.



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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE TOURNAMENTS

It was holiday tournament time and many of the nation's major college teams packed up their considerable talents and headed off for foreign parts in search of gold and, in some instances, prestige. There were surprises, but California and Cincinnati, among others, returned home in fine fettle, noisy acclaim still ringing happily in receptive ears.

The Los Angeles Classic, a new and glossy tournament, had the best attraction—a rematch between NCAA Champion California and runner-up West Virginia. The stage was set after Cal trounced Illinois 62-48 and squeaked by USC 65-61 in overtime, and West Virginia, led by Jerry West, the agile performer who does most things better than other people, beat Stanford 66-47 and UCLA 87-23. Once again, California's shrewd Pete Newell, the most astute defensive strategist in the business, had the answer. He slowed down the breaking Mountaineers with a clinging man-to-man which gave West Virginia only 39 shots at the basket. While Darrall Imhoff, the biggest Bear, and 6-foot 4-inch Bill McIntook controlled the boards, Ballhawk Tandy Gillis played West nose-to-nose, held him to one field goal and eight points as Cal won 65-45.

For a few shocking moments, hustling Iowa (a surprise 80-75 winner over NYU in the semifinal) had unbeaten Cincinnati on

the run in the Holiday Festival final at New York. With Ron Zagar and Mike Holtzman, a pair of speedy little backcourt penuses, driving through the loose Bearcat defense, and 6-foot 7-inch Don Nelson rolling off the pivot, the vigilant Hawk-eyes surged to a 28-17 lead midway in the first half. But then Oscar Robertson took over. Poker-faced and as graceful as ever, he jumped, drove, twisted and rebounded magnificently, finished with 50 points and a new Festival record and pulled Cincinnati to a 96-83 victory. But even with all the superlatives that were heaped upon Cincinnati's amazing Wizard of Aahs, there were enough left over for St. Bonaventure's Tom Stith and St. Joseph's Bob McNeill. Stith piled up 48 points in a 96-85 consolation win over Manhattan, added 42 more to help the Bonnie whip St. John's 95-73. McNeill, a cunning playmaker, dazzled the fans with his delf behind-the-back passes, matchless dribbling and unerring shots as St. Joe's lost to Cincinnati 86-77 in the semifinal, ran over NYU 78-65 to take third place.

The Dixie Classic began and ended with an upset. Duke wrapped up Utah's fast break in a tight one-three-one zone, hemmed in Billy (The Hill) McGill and whomped the visiting Redskins 63-52. However, the Blue Devils couldn't solve North Carolina's zone combinations and lost 75-53 in the semifinal. Meanwhile, Preacher Bones McKinney, gesticulating, grimacing and suffering, whipped his Wake Forest sophomores into the proper frenzy, and they beat Holy Cross 80-71 and Dayton 61-50. In the final, the Deacons tormented North Carolina with a 1½-minute stall before Billy Packer, a talented 6-foot 10-inch sophomore, cut loose for 17 points as Wake Forest surprised the Tar Heels 53-50.

Iowa's fast-moving Hoosiers scooped past Maryland 72-63 and then caught Louisville lagging and trounced the home-towners 90-71 for the Blue Grass title. And Western Kentucky's towel-tossing Ed Diddle satisfied his sweet tooth in the Sugar Bowl, where his Hilltoppers beat Mississippi State 81-50 and Tulane 71-67, presenting him with his 699th and 700th victories (see page 21).

Iowa State, figured to be no better than an also-ran in the Big Eight, had the rest of the conference agonizingly reappraising their chances after the Cyclones bumped Kansas State 74-73, Colorado 56-41 and Kansas 83-70 in the pre-season tournament at Kansas City.

Utah State, preparing to bid for Skyline honors, used its spry front line of Jerry



CONTROLLING BALL. Cincinnati's soaring Oscar Robertson, who scored 50 points on Iowa in New York, aims a jump shot.

Schofield, Cornell Green and Tyler Wilbon to snatch rebounds while 5-foot 10-inch Max Perry popped in field goals and ran through the All-College field at Oklahoma City. The iron-legged Aggies outscored Niagara 75-65, Wichita 75-68 and host Oklahoma City 75-59.

A slender, intense, almond-eyed youngster with a skillful fallaway jump shot, Carroll Broussard served warning that Texas A&M is a serious contender for the Southwest Conference title. The handy sophomore led the unbeaten Aggies past TCU 72-61 and Texas 84-74 and then dropped in a 22-footer with 13 seconds to play to beat SMU 58-55 in the final.

Other tournament finals: Queen City—Carolina 80, Wisconsin 65; Providence Invitational—Providence 83, Georgetown 55; Keystone—Temple 66, Penn 53; Hurricane—Miami 87, Xavier (Ohio) 69; Richmond Invitational—South Carolina 86, Lafayette 85; Gator Bowl—Georgia 69, Florida State 66; Polaris—The Citadel 77, Furman 73; Motor City—Detroit 92, Western Michigan 72; West Coast AC—Loyola of Los Angeles 76, Santa Clara 60; Far West Classic—Oregon State 60, Oregon 55.

THE EAST

While NYU and St. John's retired to lick their Holiday Festival wounds, St. Joseph's leaped right back into the arena to beat Manhattan 82-76. The precocious Hawks blew a 16-point lead, but John Egan and slick Bob McNeill supplied the late lift.

Villanova continued unbeaten, turning back Boston College 81-67 for its seventh straight with the help of 32 points by sophomore Hubie White. Holy Cross took

continued



CONTROLLING BOARDS. California's leaping Darrall Imhoff snags ball in Bears' strategic 65-45 win over West Virginia.



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a crack at the Ivies and outlasted Dartmouth 82-77 as soph sharpshooter John Foley and Tim Shea each scored 25 points. But Temple was unable to handle George Washington's pint-sized John Feldman, who accounted for 27 points, and bowed to the Colonials 101-65. The top three:

1. ST. JOSEPH'S (10-0)
2. NYU (6-2)
3. VILANOVA (7-4)

THE SOUTH

Kentucky's Adolph Rupp has had few cheering moments this season but, for a couple of hours last week, he enjoyed himself immensely. The crafty old Baron shifted Bill Lickert to backcourt, sent Lickert and Bennie Coffman driving off a double pivot for 55 points between



TOWELING TO TRIUMPH, Wake Forest's McKimney agonizes, Western Kentucky's Diddle hides during tense games.

them, tightened up his defenses, and the Wildcats upset Ohio State 96-93. However, not even Rupp could figure out a way to handle the Buckeyes' Jerry Lucas (see page 34), who scored 34 points and properly awed 13,000 basketball-wise Lexingtonians with his graceful, fluid accuracy.

But none of Rupp's wiles could help when Georgia Tech came to town to open the Southeastern Conference race. Aware that the Wildcats had them beat off the boards, the resourceful Yellow Jackets attacked deliberately to make every shot count (Roger Kaiser and Dave Denton split 36 points), harassed Kentucky into bumbling errors with a hawking, collapsing defense and won 62-54.

In other SEC openers, Auburn beat defending champion Mississippi State 64-48 for the Maroons' first home loss in 35 games; Tennessee outgun Vanderbilt 72-69; Mississippi bent Alabama 86-77; Tulane edged Georgia 76-74; Florida defeated LSU 73-63.

North Carolina, still trying to find itself, sagged in each half, but Captain Harvey Salt picked up the Tar Heels with 21 clutch points and boosted them

to a 75-65 victory over Notre Dame. The top three:

1. WEST VIRGINIA (10-0)
2. GEORGIA TECH (5-1)
3. WAKE FOREST (7-2)

THE MIDWEST

The Big Ten race was barely under way, and already co-favorite Indiana and dark horse Iowa were stooping to pick up the pieces. Purdue's sophomores, especially Terry Duschinger, came of age unbelievably fast to tumble Indiana 79-76. Meanwhile, one of the least likely to succeed in the Big Ten, slugged Iowa 70-61. Meanwhile, back at Madison, Michigan State rolled over Wisconsin 91-79. But the Spartans are headed for trouble No. 2 Scorer Art Givans and Guard Jim Benschink lost the battle of the books and will sit out the rest of the season.

Bradley lured St. Louis into its comfy Peoria gym and hit the Billikens with a fistful of baskets to bring them down 88-64 in a vital Missouri Valley game. Chet (The Jet) Walker had the hottest hands, pushing in 21 points for the Braves. Cincinnati returned home to give the neighbors an eyeful and managed to beat Dayton's ball control game 70-63, thanks to Oscar Robertson's 32 points.

DePaul, sailing serenely along with eight straight, ran smack into rough-tough Louisville, failed to rally in time and lost 75-74. The top three:

1. CINCINNATI (10-0)
2. BRADLEY (6-4)
3. OHIO STATE (7-3)

THE SOUTHWEST

While the hurly-burly Southwest Conference prepared for heavy firing, Arizona State's Border contenders warmed up their shooting arms with victories over Santa Barbara 77-57 and Abilene Christian 102-83. The top three:

1. TEXAS A&M (9-0)
2. SMU (7-3)
3. OKLAHOMA CITY (6-0)

THE WEST

USC's Trojans, who almost turned the trick in the Los Angeles Classic, finally caught up to California and snapped the trap shut on the prideful Bears 65-57, thus ending the nation's longest winning streak at 25. Correctly figuring he had to restrain Cal's Darrell Inhoff off the offensive boards, Trojan Coach Forrest Two-good got the job done with Sophomore Ken Stanley and Jim Hanna while John Werhas scored 14 points.

Idaho State, which seems to thrive on adversity, hardly missed a step when Playmaker Alan Morris and Coach Johnny Evans parted over training rules. The Bengals pushed over Colorado State 58-51 and Wyoming 68-58 in their own invitational round-robin. The top three:

1. CALIFORNIA (9-1)
2. UTAH (10-1)
3. WSC (8-0)

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The books are traditional drink recipe books. The delicate subject is how to make a Martini—probably the world's most popular (and controversial) cocktail. Controversy to the contrary, the books do acknowledge Gordon's Gin to be the original base of a classic Martini... as well as many other classic Gin drinks. It was the subtle dryness and delicate flavor of Gordon's Gin that inspired the Martini. First distilled in 1769—still traditionally distilled for authentic quality!



"Soundings"



By Paul Larson,
President of Larson Boat Works, Inc.

Today's outboard rambler is made up of over 100 compromises. Most everyone wants a fast, powerful, stable, seaworthy, safe, roomy and quick turning outboard boat that can be traded easily. Designing of my "Larson boats" is like breeding a thoroughbred. We know that we want her to be fast and tough with plenty of stamina. We know that she must run on all waters and with different power and loads. We know that she will be used for cruising, water skiing, and fishing. The great Seaman-designed Sea Breeze Skiff was perfect for a special purpose—that of negotiating big surf. Not so today. Every boat must be all-purpose.

One of the main "secrets of success" in the fiberglass Larson line is our unique "lapline" hull. It was the result of a long search for a design that combined the vital five "S" factors—Speed with Stability, Seaworthiness, Safety and Strength.

The 8 to 10 reverse laps on the bottom of each Larson hull pull bubbles of air under the hull to break the water surface tension and give better speed, acceleration and level planing with less power. We have a special lap channel that thrusts cold water at the prop.

In a turn, the laps act as tiny leeks and allow for safe, comfortable, banked cornering instead of side-sliding. If big or choppy waves are under the hull, the laps cushion the shock. In fact, you can hear a soft "squish" sound as the hull enters the rough water. The total effect of the hull design is great seaworthiness. Women especially appreciate the solid stability of our boats on the water.

The Larson lapline hull has several other side benefits such as holding down spray and greater strength because of the shape of the laps.



Great boats do not come from paper covered drawing boards. The lake is the place for developing an outstanding performer. We put all of our experimental hulls through months of tests. We refine and polish up the design until we get exactly what we want in a Larson.

Knowing that we men do not have all the answers, we take our wives, families and friends along to get their judgment on such things as comfort and convenience. Now this process sounds basic compared to high powered missile research, but it works very well. We take plenty of time to work out the problems, and we are not satisfied with mediocre results.

I am a designer, not a salesman, but before you invest in a boat, I urge you to compare hull performance as well as interior trim and arrangement. Take demonstration rides and notice the difference in Larson.

Notice the difference in



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MEMO from the publisher

ABOVE (and below) the call of duty, Associate Editor Coles Phinixy dived under the three feet of ice on Minnesota's Fish Hook Lake to record by camera, as part of his ice-fishing story this week, the fish's-eye view. Describing the act, he said, "Suddenly you feel you're in Miami Beach," a thermal phenomenon suddenly I can't report without a shiver, especially since Phinixy emerging had to break the ice over the hole through which he's just submerged.

Phinixy believes that most summertime anglers, passing through the lake country of our northern tier of states in winter, probably stand in awe of the serene and cracking cold and then dream, beyond the white snow and blue ice, of a greener season when these apparently still waters will be jumping with fish. "But," he says, "they're jumping now."

How is another part of his story, but that they are jumping can be no surprise to Dr. Paul Robert Needham, University of California professor of zoology-fisheries, who has devoted a lifetime to studying fish, with emphasis on getting into the water with them, summer or winter, warm or cold. His conclusions, bearing on trout and their conservation, will appear soon in an article by Robert

de Roos. This is just one of the several forthcoming articles on fish and fishing which I'd like to take this chance to mention.

In further pursuit of the trout, we'll have the alluring caw—documented by Basil Heatter—of those in the Chilean and Argentine Andes, where streams run as fast as their fishes grow.

Then, with the opening, for most of us, of the fresh-water fishing season, comes a three-part interpretive and instructive article on wet-fly fishing. Illustrated by Anthony Ravelli, it is written by Vernon S. Hidy, who sat, as it were, at the wrist



COLES PHINIXY

and reel of perhaps the greatest master of wet flies, James E. Leisenring.

On the salt-water side, the universal fish is the shark. Among fishes, where comparisons can sometimes be really odious, it is all teeth and no brains. It's one that man would as soon live without. But its dangerous profusion makes it one that man must learn to live with. When SPORTS ILLUSTRATED adds the shark to our portfolio of fish profiles, we will tell, among other things, the best ways to do it.

Plus, of course, the news of fish and fishermen as it happens in tournaments, competitions and the luck of the cast.

Arthur Murphy

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COMING EVENTS

January 8 to January 14

All times are E.S.T.

★ Color television ♦ Television ■ Network radio

Friday, January 8

BASKETBALL (colored)
DCLA at Calidonia.

BOATING
Northwestern Ice Yacht Assn. Regatta, Oshkosh, Wis. (through Jan. 20)
San Angeles Boat Show, Los Angeles (through Jan. 17)

BOXING
Harrington vs. Ortega, welter, 16 rds., 10:30 p.m.
Mick Sca. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)

GOLF
Los Angeles Open, \$57,500, Los Angeles (through Jan. 11)

SEATING
Eastern Figure Skating chemo. Lake Placid, N.Y. (through Jan. 10)

SKIING
U.S. Olympic Alpine final trials, men & women, Aspen, Colo. (through Jan. 10)

Saturday, January 9

BASKETBALL (colored)
Bradley at Wichita
Cincinnati at Tulsa

♦ Indiana at Ohio State (Big Ten Regional, Sports Network) *

♦ Kansas State at Missouri (Big Eight Regional, Sports Network) *

North Texas State at St. Louis
Northwestern at Iowa

♦ Utah State at Utah
Wake Forest vs. North Carolina at Greensboro, N.C. (pre)

Boston at Detroit
Cincinnati at Minneapolis

♦ Syracuse at Philadelphia, 3 p.m. (NBC)

FOOTBALL
♦ Boston Bowl, Mobile, Ala., 3 p.m. (NBC)

GOLF
♦ All-Star Golf series, Monte vs. Bayre, Apple Valley, Calif., 5 p.m. in each time zone (ABC)

HOCKEY
Boston at Toronto
Chicago at Montreal

♦ Detroit at New York, 2 p.m. (CBS)

HORSE RACING
San Carlos, Hialeah, \$56,000 added, Santa Anita, Calif.

SQUASH
U.S. Open Singles, Hartford, Conn. (also Jan. 10)

Sunday, January 10

BASKETBALL (pre)
♦ Boston at St. Louis, 8:05 p.m. (NBC)

Detroit at Syracuse
Minneapolis at Cincinnati
Philadelphia at New York

FOOTBALL
Hula Bowl, Honolulu.

GOLF
♦ World Championship Golf series, Elin vs. Fitchell, Stockholm, 4:30 p.m. (NBC)

POLO
♦ All-Star Polo, Circle P team vs. All-Star team, Boca Raton, Fla., 3 p.m. (CBS)

Monday, January 11

BASKETBALL (colored)
Michigan State at Iowa
Vanderbilt at Kentucky

Tuesday, January 12

BASKETBALL (colored)
Detroit at Minnesota
Notre Dame at De Paul

Wednesday, January 13

BASKETBALL (colored)
Truist at Bradley
Georgia at Georgia Tech

St. Louis at Cincinnati
Wichita at Bowling Green (pre)

New York at Detroit
Philadelphia vs. Syracuse, Boston vs. St. Louis

at Boston

BOXING
♦ Lutz vs. Duran, welter, 10 rds., Mobile, Ala., 10 p.m. (ABC)

Thursday, January 14

GOLF
Yorba Linda Open, \$38,000, Yorba Linda, Calif. (through Jan. 17)

* See local listing



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THE DECLINE AND FALL

Humiliated in baseball, humbled in hockey, kayoed in boxing, beaten in basketball and football, the Big Town's best is now only second-best. A mournful wail from a not altogether fictitious member of the sporting community



OF NEW YORK

Synthetic dressing by Marc Simont

by GERALD HOLLAND

NEW YORK ISN'T New York any more," said the man in the center of the group that stood at the railing and looked down into the great excavation across the street from the Radio City Music Hall in Rockefeller Center. "It's all part of a trend, all part of the decline and fall that's set in. Look what they've done here. They've torn down their finest sporting saloon. And for what?"

A man in a Burberry coat spoke up. "It's all done in the name of progress, sir."

The first speaker nodded. "That's what I mean," he said. "There's no respect for tradition. The Polo Grounds and Ebbets Field go next. Then we'll be down to one ball park. We're being turned into a second-rate town."

The speaker himself obviously had seen better days. His camel's-hair coat was worn and in desperate need of a dry cleaning. His Tyrolean hat was shapeless and faded and the brush was missing from it altogether. The attaché case he carried was battered and weather-stained. Yet because he was unformed (however shabbily) in the approved New York manner, there was a certain air of sophistication about him.

"Just consider, gentlemen," he went on, "first they steal away two of our ball clubs, and the world championship flag that should be flying over Ebbets Field in Brooklyn has been run up the flagpole in the Los Angeles Coliseum. Next year, the word is that the Giants—our Giants, mind you—will cop the National League pennant for San Francisco. What are we left with? One ball club and a third-place one at that."

"That's just a temporary state of affairs, mister," an old man said. "The Yankees will come back strong next year, and we'll have a new ball club in that Continental League. That was announced by one of the big television sportsasters in his predictions for 1960."

The man in the camel's-hair coat looked at him and groaned. "A third league," he said. "Bush. Strictly bush. That's my point. Everything's second-rate everywhere you turn."

A man in a leather jacket broke in. "I'll tell you where your argument falls down, pal," he said, turning and smirking at the others. "Ever hear of a football team called the Giants?"

The man in the Burberry laughed. "There's one for you, my friend. There's nothing second-rate about the Giants!"

The man in the camel's-hair coat glanced from one to the other. "Give me a cigarette," he ordered. Nobody offered him one. Finally the old man said, "I've got a long butt here if you're not finicky."

"Give it to me," said the man in the camel's-hair. He took it and broke off the filter tip. The old man held out a match for him and he dragged deeply.

continued



Exhaling, he said, "Nothing wrong with this. I've always said it's what's up front that counts."

"You're changing the subject, aren't you, Mac?" asked the man in the leather jacket archly. "Weren't we talking about the Giants?"

The man in the camel's-hair coat nodded. "Precisely," he said, flicking the ash from his cigarette butt, "and they prove my point that it's what's up front that counts. A great football team, I agree. But consider, my friends, isn't there a slightly greater one down the line in Baltimore? In other words, the Giants are *second-best*. They're the best we've got and they're *second-best*! Just like a young man you all know. A New York boy. A prizefighter. A heavy-weight. As a matter of fact, since that Swede came over and knocked him silly, he's the *second-best* heavy-weight in the world!"

The entire group was silent. The leather-jacket man squirmed uncomfortably. The Burberry man frowned. The old man shook his head. "Oh," he said weakly, "I think Floyd Patterson will take the Swede in the return match."

The man in the camel's-hair pressed his advantage. "Second-best," he cried. "Second-rate—or worse! Go on all down the line. Hockey? The Rangers are last in the league. They have not won a championship since '42. Basketball? The Knicks are in the cellar, a player has to take over as coach. They offer to trade anybody on the roster and there are no takers. College football? Columbia was last in the Ivy League. College basketball? We put on the Holiday Festival and all three New York teams are knocked out of their own tournament. The thing is even getting to the animals. A French horse they train on artichokes comes over here and beats Trader Horn in the International at Roosevelt. And who was named dog of the year?"

The old man rubbed his chin. "Wasn't it some mutt from up in The Bronx? A boxer or something?"

"It was not!" exclaimed the man in the camel's-hair, "it was a lousy Pekinese from Atlanta!" He tossed away the last fragment of his cigarette butt. The man in the leather jacket pulled out a pack. "Here," he said, "take a fresh one. I didn't offer you one before because I thought



FOOTBALL: Charlie Conerly was gloom after New York Giants lost to Baltimore.

you were a phony. But I can see you're a man who knows what he's talking about where sports are concerned."

"Thank you," said the man in the camel's-hair, throwing back his outer coat to reveal the narrow lapels of an Ivy League Executive Model suit that looked like it might have been slept in. He accepted a light and inspected the filter tip. "Aha," he said, "excellent smoke. I like the recessed element here. It avoids filter feedback. I consider this little recess to be the most important quarter inch in smoking today."

IN DAYS OF OLD PAYOLA

The old man looked at him in awe. "That was on television. Say, used you to be an advertising man or what line of endeavor were you in?"

The man in the camel's-hair smiled at the old man patronizingly. "No," he said, drawing on his cigarette and exhaling slowly, like a man savoring a Corona-Corona, "it so happens that I was handling disc jockey payola for one of the big outfits before the bottom dropped out of the business."

"Is that a fact?" said the man in the leather jacket. "I'm terribly..."

"Don't feel sorry for me," interrupted camel's-hair. "Just remember all that I have said and add to it that Toots Shor's that used to stand right in front of us here is now just a hole in the ground!"

"Toots Shor's?" cried the old man, trembling with excitement, "that was the hangout for all the sporting crowd. I used to watch them come



BASKETBALL: New York Knicks dropped Coach Fuzzy Levane but stayed in cellar.

and go. Gil Hodges of the old Dodgers, I've seen him go in. Joe DiMaggio, he was a regular up to the last. Oh, they all came, baseball players and football players and hockey players and coaches and managers and umpires and sportswriters!"

The man in the camel's-hair smiled benignly. "I was one of the sporting crowd," he said. "A pal of Toots. Always at the big events. On the 50-yard line at the football games. Ringside at the big fights. In a box behind the dugout at the Series."

"I know one thing," said the old man knowingly. "You had to be known to even get in Toots Shor's. Am I right or wrong, mister?"

The man in the camel's-hair shook his head. "You didn't have to be known to get in. But you had to be known to get one of the good tables. Tourists were permitted, but table-hopping and autograph-seeking were not permitted by Toots."

"New York was New York," he went on, "in those days. We had the big events, we had the champs, we had the big crowds. We had the big sportswriters. Why, when we'd fly out to some special occasion, like the Derby or the All-Star Game, people would point us out and you'd hear them say, 'That's the New York crowd in the seats down front there. That's Toots Shor and his pals, the various celebrities.'"

Suddenly, deep in the crater below, there was a great explosion as the dynameters blasted the solid rock of Manhattan Island in search of a foothold for the skyscraper hotel that was



BOXING: New Yorker Floyd Patterson was knocked out, lost heavyweight title.



HOCKEY: Alfie Pike was hired as coach, but New York Rangers were last in NHL.



BASEBALL: Casey Stengel's New York Yankees played bad ball, finished third.

o rise out of the ruins of Toots Shor's saloon.

It brought the man in the camel's-hair coat back to reality. His shoulders sagged and his cigarette hung limp from his drooping lips. He turned around and looked at the faces of the little group gathered around him. The tears filled his eyes.

"It's all gone now," he half obbed. "It's all over now. There's no face for the old gang to congregate. They're scattered all over town. They've got no pride left. Nobody respects New York any more. We've got no champs. No big games. We

used to brag about big crowds—60,000 in the Stadium. Now they're laughing at us in L.A. Out there they put 30,000 in the Coliseum all the time. They're laughing at us. And we've got no comeback. We're second-raters. Our best is only second-best."

Nobody had an answer. Finally, the old man spoke up, as kindly as a grandfather to a child. "Don't feel bad, mister," he said soothingly. "I just happened to think of something we all forgot. We got one champion, we got one young fellow who's the best. That boy in Brooklyn named Bobby Fischer. Just this week he

won the national chess championship for the third time!" There were excited cries from the group: "Yes, yes! Of course, of course! We do have the chess champion!"

The man in the camel's-hair fell back against the railing as if he had been struck a blow. "A chess champion," he groaned, "a kid, a teenager, a champ too young even to be served at a bar." He buried his head in his hands.

The man in the leather jacket put a hand on his shoulder. "Take it easy, pal," he said. He turned and started away. The old man followed him.

The man in the camel's-hair coat raised his head. "Wait!"

The others stopped and looked back.

"Boys," cried the man in the camel's-hair coat. "I wonder—I'm not holding temporarily—and I wonder if one of you could stake me to the price of a Bloody Mary?"

They just looked at him.

"For one of the old crowd? For one of the New York gang?"

The man in the leather jacket and the old man and the man in the Burberry shook their heads and vanished.

And then, except for the roar of the traffic and the screams of the cab drivers and the window-rattling explosions of the dynamites, a strange and poignant big-city kind of silence settled over the great chasm where once stood the meeting place of New York's proud sporting fraternity—back in the days when nobody cared who was champion at chess.

END

NEW YORK CITY'S ONLY CHAMPION: TEEN-AGER BOBBY FISCHER, U.S. CHESS KING



THE TORTURE MUST END

If the American Horse Shows Association has nerve enough,
it can stop abuse of the Tennessee Walking Horse right now

by ALICE HIGGINS

No sportsmen have practiced such systematic cruelty to horses for the sake of a blue ribbon as is being perpetrated today. Shamefully brutal treatment of the Tennessee Walking Horse is generally practiced by breeders, trainers and exhibitors and is tolerated by the ASPCA, a society founded primarily to protect the horse. Worst of all, it is ignored by the American Horse Shows Association, the governing body of the sport, which is currently meeting in Detroit. I say worst of all because the AHSA could stop most of it this week if it chose to do so.

When I first described these abuses (SI, July 23, 1956), I was optimistic that measures were going to be taken to halt this horse torture. The various associations concerned piously expressed a desire to aid in the clean-up, rolling their collective eyes heavenward—apparently to avoid the ugly sight of quarter boots covered with blood, for they have taken no real action and the situation is now far worse than it ever was.

The quarter boot, designed to protect the horse against injury as he executes his unique running walk with its long-reaching hind stride, is still being used either to injure or to cover up deliberately inflicted injuries. Unfortunately for the breed, it was discovered that if the horse's front feet are sore he will lift them quickly from the ground, shift his weight to his sound hindquarters and take the much desired long-striding step. This "soreing" usually is done by using chains or tacks inside the quarter boot or by applying a burning agent to the pastern area, which is covered by the boot. These agents vary, but of the two most common, one, an oxide of mercury salve, is known as creeping cream, and the

other, an oil of mustard mixture, is called scotching juice. The so-called "big lick" so coveted for show ring purposes is now almost completely the "sore lick."

One Walking Horse breeder hotly asserts that most of the recent world champions were made with a bot iron. A few others, among them the president of the American Walking Horse Association, H. Karl Yenser of Washington, D.C., are also incensed. Yenser recently sent an open letter to his members which read in part:

"The feeling against the continued soreing and chaining of horses has reached a point where something

must be done to correct it. . . . Perhaps getting back to more closely defined gaits as a standard for judging would do the job. . . . Exhibitors have decried the use of inhumane devices for years and yet allowed their trainers to continue their use. Judges have been criticized for tying [placing] 'sore' horses, and yet the judge's hands were tied. In my own personal experience if I had disqualified all of the sore horses shown in front of me, I am afraid I would have wound up many times with no horses in the class to judge. So I, too, am guilty of accepting, even though I did not condone, the 'sore lick.' I know, too, that every Walking Horse judge has been confronted with the same situation."

Yenser received some lively and approving response from his membership. But C. C. Turner, of Broadway, Va., a vice-president in Yenser's



organization and also a vice-president of the powerful Tennessee Walking Horse Breeders' Association, received anonymous and abusive mail after acting as a judge at Dallas. Turner removed the boots in the ring and examined the horses for soreness. He judged the class accordingly, with the sorest farthest down the line. Apparently awakened by this show of courage, the ASPCA attempted to intervene, but J. Glenn Turner, boss of the Dallas show and president of the Tennessee Walking Horse Breeders' Association (and no kin to C. C. Turner), refused to allow an ASPCA inspection.

EXPEDIENCY VS. PRINCIPLE

Recently C. C. Turner and John H. Amos, chairman of the executive committee of the TWHBA, plus the other directing officers, held a meeting to seek agreement on corrective recommendations to be proposed at the current Detroit session of the American Horse Shows Association, which controls more than 400 recognized shows. Amos advocated the complete elimination of boots and severe punish-

ment of owners or trainers who use any torture device. (Some defenders of the boot contend its elimination would lead unscrupulous trainers to drive nails or wedges into the tender frog of the hoof, a method of soreing difficult to detect.) But as is so often the case, the interested parties were forced to act on the low ground of expediency rather than the lofty plateau of principle, and one of those compromises was reached that seem to satisfy all sides and actually settle nothing.

The group agreed to recommend a new boot that reveals the front of the hoof, protects the tender coronet band, and, because of an extra long hinge, drops back when the horse is at rest to expose the pastern area for inspection. The only other recommendation—that a judge be authorized to penalize or even disqualify offenders—would, even if adopted, amount to no more than a tap on the wrist in a situation where a hard blow to the heart (perhaps I should say pocket-book) is indicated.

And even these mild suggestions may not get into the new rule book

of the American Horse Shows Association. For one thing, J. Glenn Turner, who is no enemy of the trainer, has been selected as the new chairman of the Walking Horse Committee for the AHSA. Turner has never shown any disposition to change the present rules, which are either so vaguely worded as to be uninterpretable, or simply misstate the situation. For example, the rule book says: "Horses must be serviceably sound." Under present practice, that means only that if they don't fall down they can show. The book also says: "Judges shall disqualify horses equipped with artificial appliances such as . . . leg chains, wires or tacks, blistering or any other cruel and inhumane devices. . . . White boots may be used, but they shall be subject to examination by show officials." Which officials? In practice, the manager leaves the job to the steward (the person who must be present at every recognized show to see that the association's rules are upheld), and the steward passes the buck right back to the manager or to the show veterinarian or to the judge. If, by some chance, an offender is caught he is disqualified from the class, but he is free to ship his horse off to the next show.

If the AHSA had the nerve to make the punishment fit the crime, a lot of trainers would be on crutches. The trainers, of course, blame pressure from the owners, and the owners say the trainers are at fault. (One owner quoted his trainer: "Just don't watch while I put the boots on—you'll feel better when you ride up to get that ribbon.")

So, despite the courage of men like Yenser, C. C. Turner and Amos, there is little to be hoped for from the self-interested, ribbon-seeking trainer or owner. That leaves the matter squarely in the hands of the American Horse Shows Association, which has yet to enforce or even clarify its own tepid rules. If the AHSA at its current meeting fails to redefine its rules, make clear who is responsible for enforcing them and provide stringent penalties for offenders, a few courageous show managers are ready to drop the Walking Horse division entirely. This may seem a drastic remedy, but the various Walking Horse societies have had ample time to clean their own stable. They have failed to do so. The AHSA must have the courage to do it for them.

END



SPECTACLE

Photographed by Joern Gerds

The Stage is Set at Squaw

THE MAJESTIC EXPANSE of the giant new Olympic ski jump at Squaw Valley rising behind the spectators on the opposite page symbolizes California's triumphant success in putting together the whole expensive, massive, exciting, colorful and complex production of a Winter Olympics. The job to be done was roughly equivalent to building a small city in the mountains. The final test is yet to come. Six weeks from now over 700 competitors, additional hundreds of coaches, trainers and officials, plus several thousand miscellaneous helping hands will descend on the valley to stage the show, playing daily to crowds of 20,000 to 35,000. Keeping all these people happy will be a gargantuan task. How well the state of California has succeeded in preparing for her guests can be best summarized by statistics: 45 miles of cross-country runs, 14 miles of downhill trail and, of course, the great jump, 1,300 feet from top to bottom, are all ready and now being tested by advance contingents of skiers; three ski lifts have been constructed at a cost of \$600,000; \$50,000 has been spent to secure Squaw against the chance of avalanche; communications on the downhill courses require 80 miles of telephone wire; blasting the trails smooth took two tons of dynamite; 12 miles of construction road were built; it took 50 men and \$250,000 to build the ski jump. These are just fragments of the picture. The final bill is a big one. All told, the price tag on the Olympics is \$15 million. The question arises, "Is it worth the price?" Of course. California's Olympics will bring thousands into the area; introduce them and millions of television viewers to winter sport. Best of all, as you can see by turning the pages, the Olympics have already created an unparalleled winter playground for skiers.

Spectators shade eyes to watch jumper land on new 60-meter Olympic hill at Squaw Valley. Jump has been carved out of heavy Sierra evergreen forest at the 8,000-foot level in the valley








Swinging across the glistening snow beside Squaw Creek, five members of U.S. cross-country team head west through Squaw Valley during a sunrise training run on Olympic practice course





STRUNG out along the steep headwall near the top of KT-22, spectators and competitors watch a racer dart through a gate on the first pitch of the men's giant slalom course, considered one of the world's finest racing trails

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Hangovers

A FEAST of fine football was served up to the nation in the various college Bowls last week to celebrate the new year and the new decade, and as we settled down to enjoy it we let ourselves believe for a moment that the '60s might be truly different. Maybe they will, but before the best of the Bowl games was even half done it became sadly evident that some of the futility and the foolishness of the '50s and the '40s and their predecessors is still with us.

The ugly racial flare-up in the Cotton Bowl at Dallas was over almost before it began. The snarled insult by a Texan that stirred a Negro player on the Syracuse team to quick retaliation was not heard beyond the sidelines. But the quick glimpse of flying fists and suddenly unleashed hatreds had made its impression on TV screens all over the country and left a small ugly memory to fester for the year to come.

At about the same time as the fists were flying in Texas, an ambassador of ill will flew back to the U.S. from a three-week golfing tour of South Africa. He was Tommy Bolt, the man who said in 1958 when he won the

U.S. Open, "Now that I'm champion I can do what I please." At that time this magazine wished publicly that the PGA might order Tommy off the links long enough to learn some manners, and there is no reason to amend the wish in the first week of 1960. As U.S. golf's unofficial envoy to the South Africans, the onetime Open Champion sulked, swore, complained, fretted, insulted and bludgeoned his way through the weeks of exhibition rounds with British Open Champ Gary Player with such studied ill grace that the President of the North Transvaal Golf Union declared: "I have never met such a badly behaved golfer in my life."

Meanwhile, as a world plagued with misunderstanding and acrimony crawled into a new decade of potential hope, a team of Swedish basketball players, eager to try their skill in the U.S., were told in effect by the poobahs of U.S. amateur officialdom to get the hell-and-gone back home.

The official reason for this blunt inhospitality, according to the Amateur Athletic Union's secretary for international relations, Daniel J. Ferris, was that the Swedish amateurs had grossly violated the rules of the AAU by financing and arranging

their American tour more or less independently of the AAU. This questionable offense was given added emphasis by an old feud between Ferris and a world-traveling U.S. basketball enthusiast named Jim McGregor, who had taught the Swedes some of the tricks of the American game for a brief period in Stockholm. At McGregor's urging, young Alce Nilsson, founder and president of the eight-year-old Swedish Basketball Federation, got in touch with a number of small colleges with Swedish and Lutheran traditions here, and arranged for his unfledged amateurs to play basketball with them. At the very start of the negotiations, Nilsson wrote the AAU of his intentions and asked its blessing. The letter—cut to the point of rudeness—which he got in reply from Ferris said only "Your undated letter" (it was, in fact, quite clearly dated) "requesting permission to arrange a series of games for a Swedish basketball team in the U.S. is at hand, and we will be glad to assist you in arranging such a series if you desire such assistance."

Not having been brought up by his Swedish parents to read the Rules of the AAU along with his family Bible every morning at breakfast, young Nilsson took this letter as an implicit go-ahead and continued with his plans. Some weeks later, after a flurry of correspondence between himself, the AAU, the International Amateur Basketball Federation and other interested parties, and with his team keyed for a takeoff, Nilsson was told that under no circumstances would his team be allowed to play in the U.S. Certain it was all a misunderstanding, the Swedes came over anyway, and last week saw in the New Year at a whacking fine party at the Elks Hall in Hickory, N.C. Busily practicing in the Lenoir Rhyne College field house, they were still

continued

They Said It

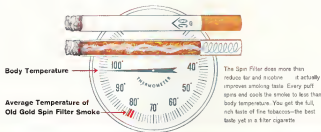
RICHARD NIXON, grand marshal of the Rose Bowl: "As Vice-president I'm neutral. But as a Californian I'm for the West."

PRESTON CARPENTER, professional football player for the Cleveland Browns, after learning he'd been traded: "I was going to leave anyway. I just wasn't having fun."

PAUL RICHARDS, Baltimore Oriole manager, on Branch Rickey and his struggling Continental League: "He's the kind of guy who goes in the revolving door behind you and comes out ahead of you."

JAMES HOFFA, hearing that Fight Manager Doc Kearns thinks professional athletes need a union: "I'm all for it. We'll go right down the line."

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN H. HARRIS, WITH LINDA HARRIS, HARRIS AND HARRIS, HARRIS & HARRIS

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

hopeful that the greatest nation on earth might find some way to permit them to play a harmless game of basketball with some American boys.

In the view of the Rhadamanthus of the AAU, this was an impossibility. "The die," said Dan Ferris, "has been cast." In Mr. Ferris' mind this kind of inflexibility may be tantamount to the famed integrity that got the original Rhadamanthus his job on the bench. But it might be well for him to remember that Rhadamanthus, son of Zeus and Europa, was a judge in the Land of the Dead. Mr. Ferris' mandate is, even though he seems not to know it, in a land of the living, where there are considerations more important than the letter of a rule. "We came here," said the bewildered leader of the Swedish basketballers, "seeking fair play." It would certainly make one augury of the New Year brighter if we thought that he was getting it.

High Diddle

WHILE combing over the delinquencies of other people, we are struck by one of our own. We have never written a line about Edgar Allen Diddle, who is now the winningest basketball coach going.

Edgar Allen Diddle was born on a farm in Gradyville, Ky. in 1895. His father was a livestock dealer and rather hoped that Edgar Allen would follow in his footsteps, but the boy discovered basketball in grade school and perfected his technique at Centre College where he also was a blocking back for the fabled Bo McMillin. "I just decided I'd have to spend the rest of my life with the game," Ed Diddle says now. And so he has. For the last 38 years he has been coach at Western Kentucky College in Bowling Green—a tall, outspoken, arm-waving, towel-waving disciplinarian who has become such a fixture there that President Kelly Thompson once scotched talk of his retiring by declaring: "It would not be a departure, it would be an abdication."

"The boys I look for are good and tall," the sad-eyed, portly Diddle says. "They've got to be tough and

lean and weigh up close to 200 pounds. I want big hands and big feet. When they handle that ball I want it to be like a puff of cotton. I don't want boys with fat on their hips. Those kind can't run and they're apt to stand around and think out there."

The whole Western Kentucky squad lives together in a dormitory adjoining the Diddle home on the campus, and Mrs. Diddle supervises their activities like a housemother. Since Diddle has a phobia about weak backs, he insists that the players' beds—some as long as nine feet for the lankiest—have no springs, consist simply of cotton mattresses laid across slabs of plywood. During practice his players wear five-pound anklets while they try to hit overhead bell-ringing contraptions; during games, when the weights are off, Diddle feels they'll run and jump like gazelles.

Between games he keeps his boys alert with verbal twists. He's been known to ask his squad to "Line up

alphabetically according to height." Teaching a player to shoot with either hand, he has told him, "You got to be amphibious." Irritated at another player's slowness to learn, he has declared, "You'll either do it the way I tell you, or you'll do it right." Instructing a boy how to cut for the basket, he's likely as not to inquire, "What's the straightest point between two lines?"

Courtside spectators can expect to see Diddle wildly waving a big red towel. They need only watch its gyrations to know how the game is going. Tossed high in the air, the towel expresses pure joy. Whirled about, it means satisfaction. Slapped on the floor, it's disapproval. Twisted or braided, the outcome's doubtful. And when Diddle throws the towel over head and eyes, fans know he's unwilling to witness the tragedy unfolding before him.

Last week, in the finals of the

continued



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Sugar Bowl! Tournament at New Orleans, the towel was once more over Ed Diddle's head. But this time it was thrown there in unbounded elation. His Western Kentucky team had just beaten Tulane 71-67, and Diddle had won his 700th game—the most any collegiate coach had ever achieved at any one school. What now? "Well," says Edgar Allen Diddle, "I think I'd like to win another hundred." He may at that; he has five seasons to go before reaching Western Kentucky's compulsory "abdication" age.

Whistle Stop

As any duck hunter knows, it's a cinch to call a duck that quacks. You just quack back at him with a duck call. Trouble is, not all ducks quack. The golden-eye and baldpate makes, for example, whistle to each other as they fly, ignoring the come-hither sounds of normal duck calls.

Now, at last, comes news that ingenious hunters on Maryland's Eastern Shore have solved the problem of calling such whistling ducks. The oh-so-logical answer: a tin whistle with the little pea inside removed.

Bowling Uphill

FOR Bowler Dan Newport there was no getting around the facts. Palm trees were waving where the ten-pins ought to be. To complicate things, the alley ran uphill. Finally, there was the matter of disturbing the readers: palm trees, uphill alley and all were smack in the middle of the public library. Newport had not been drinking or smoking opium, but he had been bowling continually for four days and four nights in pursuit of the world's marathon championship. By now, not surprisingly, he was seeing things.

Yet, despite more hallucinations, blind staggers, spasmodic arm muscles and blistered hands, the 30-year-old Fort Lauderdale warehouseman reached his 1,000-game goal on the fifth night when he flopped down exhausted, with an average score of 123. It had taken 111 nearly sleepless

hours, but he had gained a title he can now wear proudly with his marathon golf title (504 holes in 38½ hours).

With a doctor and a registered nurse in attendance at Sports Arenas



Wilton Manor lanes near Fort Lauderdale, Newport was allowed 10 minutes of rest for every 10 games completed, up to a maximum of 30 minutes. Even so, he never slept more than 20 minutes at a time in a reclining chair (also used by Nurse Rene Cree), other times dozed on his feet while waiting for his ball's return. Fluctuating between fits of argumentative depression and dexadrine-induced euphoria, Newport hefted the ball 18,647 times, using both arms knocked down 123,205 pins, bowled a high game of 212, a low of one pin. After the third day his confusion became so pronounced he sometimes faced the gallery on his windup, frequently relied on step-by-step directions from Nurse Cree, e.g., "Left foot forward. Arm back. Swing—let go."

On the fifth day, three hours short of the finish, Newport turned drowsily to his nurse, observed in his most lucid moment: "This whole thing is really foolish."



His Timing Is Off

He has a Sunday punch, you know,
That's powerful and tidy,
He never gets to use it, though,
Because he fights on Friday.

—RICHARD ARNOUR

Slope Cops

TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS of almost every kind are a constant hazard in the teeming city of New York, but under normal circumstances the average New Yorker does not expect to be knocked down by a speeding sportsman on skis in midtown. The fact that this is precisely what befell a lady spectator (without serious consequences) during a Manhattan sports show early this winter is a symbolic augury of what may well come to pass if the nation's 3 million-odd ski enthusiasts continue to increase, as they have recently, at a rate of 200,000 a year.

With such masses of mankind schussing around, it is obvious that a sport whose first appeal lay in its wild and untrammeled freedom must suffer a degree of regulation comparable to that imposed on other fast-moving sports. What was perhaps the first judicial admission of this possibility



was proclaimed in a West German court in response to a lawsuit brought by one Dr. Enno Essig, a middle-aged skier who had been struck by a scorching 16-year-old on a slope in the Black Forest a while back. Judge Gunter Knulbach, a skier himself, upheld the decision of the lower court and boosted the award to the plaintiff. Ruled the judge: "On a crowded slope the skier must so control his speed that he can stop if necessary and in any case avoid collisions. To this extent the same principles apply to sking as to vehicles in public-highway traffic."

Last week from Austria came news that the era of the ski-slope cop had begun in earnest. For the first time in history, state and city police have been assigned to duty on the ski slopes at Innsbruck, and a number of skiers have already been ticketed for reckless schussing.

The Dynamo Bamboozlement

SOCCER FANS in the ancient west Ukrainian city of Lutsk (population: 30,000) were stunned when a team of locals trounced the national U.S.S.R. champions, Moscow Dynamo, 5-0. But Dynamo's managers took the loss stoically, pocketed their share of the gate receipts and blew Lutsk—which was a wise move, for the Lutskovites were even more astounded when they learned that Dynamo had played in Moscow the very same afternoon it played in Lutsk.

The team Lutsk had shellacked was not even Dynamo's second unit, as they subsequently, and more circumspectly, billed themselves, but a troupe of inept impostors who toured Soviet tank towns last summer blithely taking their lumps while two beguiling Muscovite Barnums, Comrades Barannikov and Morozov, turned a fast ruble and enjoyed the fruits of free and easy enterprise.

Their biggest, boldest and final hornswoggle was pulled off in distant Ashkhabad, capital of Turkmenia in central Asia. First, Comrade Barannikov called the Ashkhabad sports organization and said he was prepared to send Dynamo's second team out for a series of matches. The Ashkhabadians readily swallowed the bait, so Barannikov wired: STICK UP YOUR ANNOUNCEMENTS. WE ARE ENPLANNING. ARRANGE THREE ADDITIONAL MATCHES. CONFIRM. PER 35,000 RUBLES CASH. [SIGNED] CHAIRMAN DAVYDOV. This telegram rather puzzled the sports organization, for they knew that Dynamo's chairman was not Davydov but one Burov and his deputy was one Semichastny. They wired Burov at Dynamo headquarters for confirmation. Back came the reply: OUR SECOND PLAYERS VACATIONING. PLEASE ADVISE NAMES OF THOSE WHO MADE YOU OFFER. [SIGNED] SEMICHASTNY. The Ashkhabad officials had not recovered from their bewilderment when another wire arrived, also signed Semichastny: AUTHORIZED DEPARTURE. BARANNIKOV WILL REPRESENT. ARRANGE TWO MORE MATCHES. CASH TERMS. It was followed by a long-distance call from



"To WHOM, dammit!"

Barannikov, asking for telegraphic confirmation that his latest proposal had been accepted. The gullible Ashkhabadians promptly wired back their acceptance, addressing the message to Semichastny at Dynamo headquarters. Semichastny curtly replied: NO SOCCER MATCHES PROPOSED TO ANYONE. CANNOT SEND TEAM.

Although the Ashkhabadians now realized that they were dealing with two separate Semichastnys, incomprehensibly they asked no questions when Barannikov and his team stepped off a TU-104 jet from Moscow a few hours later. The "Dynamos" promptly lost their first match to a very minor team. "Our players are out of form," apologized Barannikov as he collected 8,000 rubles, cash. In the next game, the pretenders managed to hold the Ashkhabad champions to a tie, but on the following day, to the great amusement of the local press, were roundly

thrashed by a collective farm team.

But not to the delight of *Komsomolskaya Pravda's* crusading reporters who smelled a capitalistic rat or two and ferreted out the facts. They said the mastermind was Comrade Morozov, whose disingenuous gimmick was that he had the same surname as an oldtime soccer star, Nikolai Morozov. Posing as Nikolai, he managed to get a pipeline into the Dynamo sports society and, thus equipped, operated by phone and wire out of his flat on a Moscow sidestreet while Barannikov recruited the players. Of punishment for the deception *Komsomolskaya Pravda* spoke no word, merely called for intensified watchfulness by the sports associations of all the Lutskis and Ashkhabads.

But to appreciate both the astonishing success of the bamboozle and the astonishing risk, hear this: Dynamo is the sports society of the Soviet secret police.

END

A Is the Grade for Lucas

On the basketball court and in the classroom this grave yet competitive youngster is an All-America performer at Ohio State

by JEREMIAH TAX



NO "QUICK STUDY," LUCAS EARNS HIGH MARKS THROUGH

THE PICTURE on the cover this week is of Jerry Lucas, basketball player. The picture above shows Jerry Lucas, student. And it is a toss-up which is the truer portrait of this exceptional young man, because he is about as good as they come at both activities.

In a vintage year for new basketball talent, Lucas is the best of the crop, highly skilled at every facet of the game though he is only a sophomore. He is among the top five in the nation in scoring, rebounding and field-goal shooting, and he is the principal reason why his team, Ohio State, is also a leader in all three departments and is rated a prime favorite for the Big Ten title. At the same time, he is averaging a shade under straight A in State's College of Commerce, which is something of a come-down for him after being an A student for four years in high school. In his freshman year at State he earned 49 credit hours, far more than normal, and earned 42 hours of A's.

"I was always interested in my classwork," Lucas says. "Before I started first grade I already knew third-grade arithmetic, because my parents had taught me, and from then on I wanted to get good grades." He says this with the same dead-calm poker face he maintains on or off the basketball court no matter what goes on around him, his deep-set eyes furthering the impression of intense seriousness. This attitude toward his studies is the reason Lucas chose Ohio State over the more than 150 other colleges that were after him while he was still at Middletown, Ohio high school. "State was the only school that talked to me first about my education. All the others talked only about basketball. They didn't understand that I didn't want an athletic scholarship anyway. I wanted an academic scholarship, and that's what I have. No matter what happens—even if I couldn't make the team—I still get my education. That's the way I wanted it."

Lucas held out for what he wanted in the face of a recruiting campaign equaled only by the scramble for Wilt Chamberlain. "I used to get half a dozen letters every day," he says. "In my junior year the recruiters started to come to Middletown. They'd come to my house in the morning and wake up the family. They'd come to school and get me out of class nearly every day. They'd ask me to cut school and break dates in order to talk with them. It got so bad finally that mother and dad and I decided we just wouldn't talk to anybody. The Middletown paper ran a little notice, and the principal helped out by sending people away when they showed up at school." Before this, the recruiting inducements had reached scandalous proportions. Lucas' father had been guaranteed jobs at \$15,000 (he is a pressman for a Middletown printing firm at about half that salary), there had been offers to pay off the mortgage on the family's modest seven-room home,



HARD WORK IN THE LIBRARY OF HIS BETA THETA PI FRATERNITY HOUSE (ABOVE)

and Jerry's younger brother, a fair football player, had been promised scholarships without regard, obviously, to his ability. Lucas reacted to all this and the attendant publicity by cutting himself off from everything but schoolwork and basketball, and continued to set the kind of records in both that made him even more attractive to the frantic recruiters.

He has, in addition to top-drawer ability, one particular asset as an athlete which coaches term the winning touch. Many another fine player, for reasons of personality or temperament, cannot contribute anything more than his own skill to a team effort. Lucas' easy yet unshakable poise and surging desire to compete have proved contagious to teammates wherever he has played. From the fifth grade on—in more than 125 games in elementary school, junior high and high school—he participated exactly once in a losing effort, and that was a one-point loss in the last game of his high school career. It must be empha-

sized that this record was set in the heart of the Midwest, an area where little boys dream of growing up to be basketball players and generally do.

Lucas himself started playing basketball when he was 9. "All the kids in Middletown start about then," he says. "They have about half a dozen parks with lots of outdoor courts and they light 'em up at night until 11 o'clock. They're always crowded. And most of the kids have baskets in their backyards." Lucas had one, put up by his father when he was still in grade school. ("Jerry spent all his spare time practicing," his father recalls. "He was out back all day Saturday and all day Sunday.") At the same time, Lucas was always somewhat taller than other kids his age, a natural inheritance from the paternal side of his family, which includes a number of gentlemen well over 6 feet. He was 5 feet 7 in the seventh grade, exactly a foot taller as a sophomore in high school, and has grown half an inch since then. From the be-

ginning, his size enabled him to play playground ball with boys much older and more experienced. In the summers before he entered high school he participated in many a pickup game with college players. This kind of competition and the teachings of an excellent high school coach, Paul Walker, helped Lucas master every conceivable method of getting a basketball through the hoop. In his career under Walker at Middletown, he scored 2,460 points, breaking the record of 2,252 set by Wilt Chamberlain at Philadelphia's Overbrook High.

The years of playground ball also had one unfortunate effect. "I spent a lot of time on those courts," Lucas says, "and I feel it in my knees now—all that jumping and running on that hard concrete. The last few years, I've found it tough to move the way I used to, especially at the beginning of a season. My knees stiffen up, and I can't bend the way I have to on defense to get into the right position." Knee trouble forced Lucas to miss nearly half of State's preseason practice sessions this year. The jarring effect of jumping caused inflammation of both joints, because not enough fluid was getting to them to lubricate them properly. The condition was brought under control by a combination of diathermy, injections and the use of a molded plastic innersole to absorb shocks, and Lucas has been his old jumping-jack self for the past few weeks.

Lucas came to State with so much basketball experience behind him that he suffered not at all from the Big Ten ruling which forbids interschool competition by freshmen. He led his frosh team to a number of victories over the varsity in practice games, personally scored 92 points in the last two of the season. Watching these performances, State's youthful Coach Fred Taylor—a rookie himself, in his first year—could hardly wait to build an attack around his prize freshman, and so he didn't wait. As he admits now, "We planned our varsity offense last year around Jerry even though he wasn't with us. We put in the whole kit and kaboodle. The boys learned the offense just the way we were going to play it this year with Lucas." Taylor was able to do this because many of last year's varsity players had at least another year of eligibility. And Lucas has joined them this season, in a strong

continued

single-post attack, like a veteran who has merely been absent for a short time.

Before Ohio State's opening game with Wake Forest, Jerry Lucas finally showed that he was only human by succumbing to the pressures surrounding his collegiate debut. (Among other things, he had already been chosen on one All-America team before he played his first game.) "I was really scared," he admits frankly. "I'm usually able to relax before a game, but it didn't work this time. I felt as if I had a thousand-pound weight on my shoulders. In the first half, I just stood around out there with my mouth open." He had company in his pregame jitters. Fred Taylor had spent the previous night (during which he turned 35) on his living-room floor. "I just couldn't sleep," Taylor says, "so I lay down on the floor and thought about the game, and finally dozed off. I woke up sometime in the middle of the night, but I figured I might as well finish sleeping on the floor."

Actually, Lucas' debut was an effective performance, especially in the second half, as he led State to a 77-69 come-from-behind victory over Wake Forest, which has since proved its strength by winning the Dixie Classic

tournament. State's pivot attack was rendered useless by a Wake Forest defense which allowed outside men to maneuver while at least two players covered Lucas when he went into the post. And Lucas' shooting eye was way off, undoubtedly because of nervousness. But he grabbed 28 rebounds, more than half State's total, and many of these led to State scores because of his speed and agility at kicking off a fast break. He managed a respectable 16 points, chiefly on tip-ins of shots his teammates missed, a maneuver in which he excels because of his superb timing.

How much better Lucas can be he has since shown, in a tough December schedule that started out with four games in seven nights and included five road games against first-rank teams.

In those first nine games Lucas sank shots at a .612 average, despite his poor start (among the hot-handed pros .452 is the best ever recorded by a scoring champion). He made 50 of 63 free throws, including 25 in a row. He had 158 rebounds for an average of 17.5, and scored 252 points for a 28-point average.

How he has achieved these statistics is, as usual, far more important than the figures themselves. He may well be the smoothest and most graceful man his size playing basketball

today, all his moves recalling the fluidity of professionals like Willie Naulls and Cliff Hagan. Against Kentucky he averted the basketball-wise Lexington crowd with his amazing repertoire of shots, most of which are not guardable. He hooks accurately with both hands, takes a full-spin one-handed jumper and drives well. A sequence of shots in the Kentucky game included this variety: tip-in on follow-up, spin from circle, spin again, hook from side, driving layup. In the pivot he hands off with precision to cutting Guards Larry Siegfried or Mel Nowell, often merely opening his hands and dropping the ball into perfect position for them as they scoot by and under him. Against a zone defense which double-teams him, his feints repeatedly draw defenders away from the ball, leaving one of his forwards, Joe Roberts, John Havlicek or Dick Furry, free for a shot. And if the shooter misses, the chances are Lucas will be there to tip in the loose ball.

If there is a soft spot in Lucas' game it is on defense, though he has far outclassed every pivotman he has faced this year (many of them taller than he) with the exception of Utah's fine 6-foot-9 sophomore, Billy McGill. Lucas scored 32 points against McGill, and both snared 17 rebounds, but McGill did hit for 31, chiefly with



WHITE-SHIRTED LUCAS ENJOYS A RARE RELAXED MOMENT WITH CLASSMATES NEAR STATE'S MIRROR LAKE

a hook shot that is often erratic but never seemed to miss against Ohio State. Actually, it is common for a player who is his team's best shooter in high school to arrive at his college campus with only the barest of notions about defense. The reason is that many high school coaches, who seldom have more than one reliable scorer, caution the good shooter to lay off his man considerably on defense in order to avoid fouling out of games. Lucas, it is worth noting, never fouled out of a high school game. He shares this defensive weakness with most of the other members of this year's remarkably good crop of sophomores. In the next few years Lucas will be playing against many of them, and a quick look at some is in order here.

BILLY MCGILL's over-all game is as erratic as his hook shot. Often Billy just isn't "ready," as his coach, Jack Gardner, puts it. A towering, loose-jointed conglomeration of ebony arms and legs, McGill is flustered easily and often throws the ball away with bad passes. But he rebounds and blocks shots well and his outside shooting has helped bring his present average up to a very respectable .477.

LEN CHAPPELL and **BILLY PACKER** of Wake Forest are two other fine rookies. Chappell seems to have every qualification for stardom except sufficient aggressiveness and is also having difficulty adjusting to the contact lenses he now wears in place of the glasses he wore in high school. Packer is a fast, deceptive playmaker and excellent shooter. **PAUL HOGUE** has brought Cincinnati, the nation's top-rated team, a great deal of offensive and rebounding strength, and in the same Missouri Valley Conference Bradley boasts a tall 200-pounder named **CHET WALKER** who hit 44, 33 and 34 points in his first three games this season. Kansas has **WAYNE HIGHTOWER**, a graduate of the same high school that sent it **Wilt Chamberlain**. He is not nearly as tall, as fast or as overpowering as Wilt, but does rebound well and has a greater variety of shots. An exceptional list of other sophomore stars includes Santa Clara's **RON MCGEE**, VPI's **BUCKY KELLER**, Providence's **JIMMY HADNOT**, Texas A&M's **CARROLL BROUSSARD** and USC's **JOHN RUDOMETKIN**. If it weren't for Lucas, all of them would be candidates for rookie of the year.

END

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Approaching crest at good speed, pick the ski off snow by drawing the feet up. Do not try to jump. The object is to clear the crest without making a long leap.



Ski Tip

by WILLY SCHAEFFLER

QUESTION: Every time I go straight and fast over the crest of a big bump or drop-off I lose control. Do I have to make a check turn before every crest in order to ski such terrain properly?



Crossing crest, lean forward from the waist for balance and continue to draw feet up until skis are well clear of snow. Bring knees up to chest if necessary. Skis stay level throughout jump.

Answer: No. You are letting the bumps and drop-offs throw you up and out so that you land too hard to retain control. Use the prejump described on this page to cut the length of time your skis are off the ground and you will get a smooth ride and can keep control all the way. The prejump technique will work even if you are faced with a series of large bumps. You raise your skis so subtly that they barely leave the snow, and you press them quickly into the snow again on the far side of each bump. This gives you a loose-limbed action that takes you through the bumps without trouble.



Leaving crest, thrust skis downward quickly. Skis should hit snow all at once. If tail of ski hits first, tip slaps down and throws skier off balance. Land relaxed, not stiff.

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The sign of good taste

In Palm Beach a gift shop in an elegant alley houses a remarkable school of cookery

WHEN it's time for entertaining in the spacious dining rooms of the neo-antique Spanish and Italian villas of Palm Beach, on the verdant terraces of the resort's innumerable walled and hidden gardens and on the shaded afterdecks of the yachts that gravitate to this latitude for the winter season, the handiwork of a Paris Cordon Bleu alumna named Harriet Healy is nearly always in evidence. The petite Mrs. Healy is the founder of a select and fabulously successful cooking school on Via Mizner, which she operates as an adjunct to Edgar V. Archambeau's gift shop and decorating establishment called Au Bon Gout. The purveyor of marvelous delicacies for parties, she has become the indispensable authority on matters of food and drink to most of the current generation of Palm Beach hostesses.

Here, as everywhere else, people with large houses find it increasingly difficult to staff them adequately, and in recent years many members of the winter colony have taken up residence in apartments. The help shortage, including a scarcity of skilled cooks, occurs at the same time as the general awakening—or reawakening—of interest in fine food which has been greatly in evidence throughout the country since World War II. In Grandmother's day there may have been a chef in the kitchen, today it's more likely do-it-yourself.

When Harriet Healy started her classes nine years ago they were enthusiastically subscribed to by the Palm Beach community. The specialties she teaches are the things her students like most to eat—principally classic French dishes, but with traditional procedures simplified and many inventive touches added. Her classes are held once a week from January through March for a maximum of 16 students per session. They have proved so popular that, at \$12 a lesson, there is a waiting list of never fewer than 35 or 40 women.

Among many fine dishes included in the Au Bon Gout curriculum (a number of these are published in a booklet entitled *Good Taste by Harriet Healy*, available for

\$2 from Au Bon Gout, 15 Via Mizner, Palm Beach, Fla.) are unusual recipes that call for lamb or chicken to be pounded—and thereby tenderized—in the manner that veal is pounded and flattened before cooking to make *scaloppine* or *escalopes de veau*. The idea is familiar to patrons of the Colony restaurant in New York, where pounded lamb chops are a great favorite of the day. Here are some delicious variations on the same theme:

POUNDED LAMB AU BON GOUT

Order a double loin or rib lamb chop for each person to be served. Remove bone and all fat and gristle with a sharp knife (or have butcher do this). Place prepared chops of clear meat between two big sheets of wax paper on a breadboard. Pound gently and evenly with a potato masher or some other flat instrument until chops are spread to an even thickness of about half an inch.

After preparing sauce or garnish for the chops, cook them quickly in the same way you would cook minute steak or hamburgers—in a little butter melted in a sautéing-hot fry pan. For lamb that is pink inside, sauté about 2 minutes on each side. Serve as follows:

1. On tole grass toasts with currant jelly sauce

For four servings sauté 4 slices of firm-textured white bread, crusts cut off, in melted butter until "toasted." Spread with pâté de foie gras. Keep warm on a platter.

Heat a glass of currant jelly to the boiling point and stir in 1 scant tablespoon of potato starch dissolved in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water. Bring to boiling point again.

Place 4 hot pounded lamb chops on the prepared toasts. Cover each with the jelly sauce. Garnish platter with water cress.

2. In a border of curried rice

For 4 servings melt $\frac{1}{2}$ of a stick of butter in fry pan. Add 1 cup unwashed long-grain rice and cook, stirring until rice is golden and the butter bubbles. Add 2 cans of consommé and 1 teaspoon curry powder. Cover and simmer for exactly 40 minutes.

Surround hot pounded chops with the curried rice on a platter and serve with chutney on the side.

3. With a béarnaise sauce

Place each chop on a piece of sautéed toast and top with a large spoonful of hot béarnaise sauce, made with fresh tarragon if possible. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Photograph by Richard Meek

COOKING SCHOOL PUPILS at a table outside Au Bon Gout on the winding Via Mizner prepare to sample a decorative dessert prepared in class. From the left are Mrs. Edward F. Hutton, Mrs. Tatiana Holmsen Brinard and Mrs. P. A. B. Widener III.

Friends, relatives, lend me your ears

The owner of the season's first long shot didn't bet

You may remember the definition of mixed emotions that the television comedians made popular a few years ago: watching your mother-in-law drive off a cliff in your new Cadillac. This is nonsense. If you really want to experience mixed emotions, buy yourself a horse, send him off to make his fame and fortune, suffer through his failures—and then pick up the paper some day to read that he has finally won a race and paid, say, \$164.40 to win, \$87.40 to place and \$80.20 to show.

I know, because it happened to me. On New Year's Day a handsome but previously undistinguished chestnut gelding named Dr. Dubious—my bright hope and bitter disappointment all through 1959—turned over a new leaf and won the second race at Florida's Tropical Park, paying those very prices. As his owner I suppose I should have been deliriously happy, and I guess I really was. The only trouble—

Let's start at the beginning.

Dr. Dubious was my own personal prize selection at a Keeneland fall yearling sale—a young son of the great Australian distance horse Bernborough, out of a mare named Jinx, who was the winning daughter of the winning daughter of a stakes-winning great-grandmother. He had first-class bloodlines, perfect conformation, sturdy legs and that look of champions in his eye—and he went cheap, which happens to be a requisite for my modest little stable.

Dr. Dubious was named by my son, in honor of the old Smith and Dale vaudeville skit. In return I promised my son to bet \$5 for him every

time Dr. Dubious ran, the proceeds to go to his college fund.

I had several other supposed pensioners of Dr. Dubious. For my favorite aunt, who continues to make a keen study of the race results at the age of 80, I always bet \$2 across every time one of my horses goes to the post. I always bet five on the nose for my wife. There is a widow next door who had my firm promise to let her know every time I thought one of my horses had any kind of chance at all. At the New York office building on which I depend for most of my living, my stable has a small but devoted group of followers—junior writers, secretaries and office boys—who express their faith by betting on every horse I send to the post.

Aias, 1959 was a sad year for Dr. Dubious, the rest of my horses, my fan club, my aunt, my wife, my son and me. I started the year with nine horses in training, all of which should, in theory, have won frequently but in practice won very rarely. They acquired ailments which baffled the best brains of veterinary science. They went lame. One of them—this is ridiculous but true—got pregnant.

When the 1959 season ended in Ohio, where my stable had gradually been drowning in red ink all summer and fall, I had just one horse left in training: Dr. Dubious. What suffering he represented!

Early in 1959, while a groom was walking him around the barn in one of the first stages of training, the Doc got rambunctious, reared and fell backward on his rump. This taught him a useful lesson but left him scarcely able to stand.

It was October before the trainer finally got him over the injury and ready for his debut. It was humiliating. Our prospective Kentucky Derby winner was beaten 18 lengths by



OWNER-AUTHOR Havemann dreams of having Kentucky Derby dark horse.

a field of the slowest 2-year-olds in Ohio.

Track conditions can make a horse look bad; so can the wrong post position; so can the wrong kind of ride. Dr. Dubious ran three times at Cleveland, over a fast track, a slow track and a heavy track; from inside, middle and outside post positions; under different jockeys trying all the different skills they knew to get a horse moving. He was three times seventh.

Common sense told us that he was a bum, a dog, a beetle, a pig. But he kept looking at us with those resolute eyes. The hope that springs eternal in the horseman's breast told us that he was simply unable to get himself untracked in the deep cushion at ThistleDown. He just needed a hard race track like the one at Tropical Park.

Tropical is 1,250 miles from ThistleDown, and a race horse cannot travel parcel post. Oats, hay and straw, all of which Dr. Dubious requires in large quantities, cost more in Florida than anywhere else in the world. Anybody who ships a horse to Tropical had better win himself some purses or be prepared to hock the family jewels.

The Doe looked good in his morning workouts at Tropical; that fast track really did seem to help him a lot. We got him into a six-furlong race against the cheapest 2-year-olds on the grounds and told the jockey to ride him with confidence. He ran eighth. The only encouraging thing was that he made up 10 lengths on the winner down the stretch. Though I had lost my customary bets, though I had let all my friends and followers down again, I was elated. True to his breeding, the Doc had proved himself a distance horse.

On December 21 we finally sent him out against the cheapest 2-year-olds at Tropical who could even dare hope to stagger as far as a mile and 70 yards. No race was ever to be a softer touch. "What I hate about this," I told the trainer, "is that even after the Doc wins it we won't know whether he's any good or not." I sent a nice bet to the track and sat back to wait the happy news. The Doe could have made a lot of us rich that afternoon.

He was a little closer than usual during the first quarter of the race, promptly dropped back, engaged in a stirring battle for last place and finally finished 11th out of 12, beaten 19 lengths.

Beaten, nothing. He was disgraced. The jockey, dismounting in disgust, said flatly, "This horse isn't worth a quarter." When the remark was transmitted to me by long distance phone, I said amen. Even the most optimistic owner has to quit dreaming eventually. The Doe didn't have any early foot—and he couldn't go a distance, either.

I decided to give him one more chance, and one only. In the meantime I made arrangements with another writer I know, a young woman who has a farm and some riding horses down in Maryland, to give him a home. She said she was willing to pay the Doc's van bill back from Florida and keep him in out the rest of his life in the hopes that he might be taught to ride to the hounds. She said this, frankly, only after numerous Martinis, and later I felt guilty for having taken her in. Any hound in Maryland, in my opinion, as of that moment, could have outrun the Doe by 20 lengths to the mile.

SECOND RACE 1 MILE, 70 YARDS. (Petate, December 5, 1959. 1.39 ⁴ / ₅ , \$, 136)											
Trp — 4602											
Jan 15 allowed 3 lbs, a "set," 5 lbs. Claiming price, \$4,500. If entered for \$4,500 allowed 3 lbs											
Not rated to winner \$7,500, second \$375, third \$225, fourth \$120. Mutuel pool \$42,798											
Index	Horse	Eq	Wt	PP	St	Wt	St	Jockey	C/P	Pt	Owner
4602TR	Dr. Dubious	110	6	3	2	41	34	22	14	8	4008
4471TR	American Pledge	110	7	1	1	13	5	23	8	8	4008
4601TR	Blanchette	110	10	12	3	41	41	24	23	7	4008
4625TR	Michael Maker	111	2	4	4	41	31	41	41	4	4008
4436TR	Quality Kid	110	4	9	11	11	41	41	41	4	4008
4474TR	Freddie May	109	3	10	11	1	31	4	41	4	4008
4447TR	Shasta Road	111	4	5	12	31	23	51	4	4	4008
4411TR	Swamp Side	110	11	2	2	2	41	21	8	4	4008
4462TR	Mrs. Emerald	110	12	4	4	41	41	41	41	4	4008
4401TR	April Vision	111	7	1	12	12	11	41	41	4	4008
4421TR	Spurhead	111	7	1	4	11	11	41	41	4	4008
4472TR	Deliveria	110	8	8	1	11	11	12	2	4	4008
Time 2:21.41 1:52 1:38 ⁴ / ₅ 1:42 ⁴ / ₅ Break Fast											
Official Program Numbers —											
Mutuel Prices											
Winner 11-6 to 1, Dr. Dubious, by New Moon. Trained by C. E. M. Jr. Bred by J. P. Switzer											
IN RATE AT 2:15 OFF AT 2:30; EASTERN STANDARD TIME											
Start note: When entering Dr. Dubious' drops back while being a favorite; 1 run gone back to back. Name made when ready to start and were done AMERICAN PLEDGE in final stretch. The latter made one pace while at hand, used ground work of war and scattered suddenly to winner. BLENDAGE appeared to hang after making a connecting bid on entering stretch. MISCHIEF MAKER was unable to break. MISS EMERALD was a weak option.											
Scratched—44365-1 Vals Age, 44272-1 Praise Box, 45017-1 Arabian Lad, 44875-1 Easy Hand, 44347-1 Seashell, 44274-1 Blue Nippon, 44244-1 Pegasus, 44275-1 North View, 2 points, Scrapped, 1, Friendly Moon, 4, American Prayer, 1, Delmar 2, Shasta Road 4, Swamp Side 2, Bls Emerald 3											
Daily Double on First and Second Races Paid \$601.20—Double Pool, \$110.284											

OFFICIAL CHART of Dr. Dubious' remarkable first victory shows how haphazard poor performer ran with the front runners, then drew out in the stretch for a \$164.40 win.

In the elevator at the office building I met one of my faithful betting followers. "How's everything with the horses?" he asked, and I admitted that things were terrible. The elevator boy misunderstood and asked me in conspiratorial tones, once we were alone on an upper floor, "So you own a horse named Dr. Dubious? Shall I bet him?" I said loud and clear, "Heaven forbid."

I got home that evening and found a card showing that I had a gift subscription for 1960 to that fine breeding publication called *The Thoroughbred Record*. The donor was, of course, my wife, but she had listed the gift, in some long-gone day of frivolous hope, in the name of Dr. Dubious. I said, "If my young lady friend changes her mind when those Martinis wear off and welshes on her promise to give the Doc a home, this will turn out to be the first Christmas present I ever got from somebody I shot."

You know the rest. The Doc ran against the same kind of horses at the same distance on New Year's Day. As young horses sometimes do, he suddenly found himself. And he proved to be the long shot of long

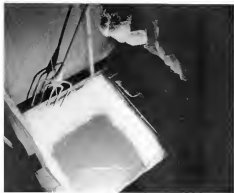
shots at the Tropical meet. He started my stable off for the New Year with a bang. Or did he?

I didn't have a penny bet on him for myself, or for my wife, or for my son, or for my aunt. I didn't alert the widow next door. I scared off all my faithful followers at the office and even the elevator operator and all his friends. My young friend was probably down at her farm that very day getting a stall ready for the vanquished warrior.

The winning horse's share of the purse was \$1,350. That will buy a lot of oats. I'm back in business. I've got a horse that has now run a real good race and can be expected to win again. Since I love the horse business, I should be shouting hallelujah.

The trouble is that nobody is speaking to me—not my wife, not my son, not the neighbor lady, not the people at the office, not the elevator operator, probably not my friend either when she finds she cleaned that stall for naught.

I can't blame them. All we had to do was bet \$2 to collect \$164.40, or \$20 to collect \$1,644, or—Well, you figure it. I hurt too much from kicking myself.



Open windows in the ice

Snug in their shacks on Minnesota's frozen lakes, winter fishermen watch a quiet world and harvest a variety of game fish

IN the cold winter the lake country of Minnesota is deep in snow and seems lost in sleep. The stillness can almost be felt; the quiet is almost absolute. The ear must be tuned fine to pick up the sly sounds of winter. The powdery surface snow softly hisses and sighs as it scurries from drift to drift. Along the lake shores the wind rattles the bare sprigs of popple and sings faintly in the feathered tops of the jack pine. Beneath the snow the ice on the lakes moans and grumbles—in midwinter the ice on each lake is a growing giant, restless, cramped and forever complaining.

To the summer fisherman, used to louder, more logical sounds—the splash of water, the voices of exuberant fisherman-flirts, the burps and growls of boat motors—the lakes seem beautiful but dead in winter. On a good Minnesota lake there is always one sure sign of winter life—the shacks of the ice fishermen. Yet even today, when ice fishing is becoming a tourist attraction, when more than 300,000 fishermen are proving that a good Minnesota lake never dies even in the coldest winter, there are

still many summertime anglers who regard ice fishing as something closer to self-torture than to sport. Actually, the angler who cringes over a black hole in the open air on a sub-zero day, as many Easterners do, is letting himself in for some unreasonable misery. Usually, on his first day of ice fishing in the open, the novice angler should expect to get a few small perch and a bad head cold.

In the Minnesota lake country around the resort town of Park Rapids, the noon temperature may stand at 30 below, but on Fish Hook Lake, north of town, inside Bill Wiese's angling house, the temperature is 70 above. Bill Wiese's angling house sits on three feet of ice a half mile out in the lake over a rocky drop-off where crappies bite as thick and fast in January as they do in July. On a typical winter fishing day Bill Wiese and his wife Margaret are seated at a card table in the angling house, play-

ing hucklebuck with Helen and Bill Knowles. The arrangement within the house is simple. There is a hole in each corner so all four card players can fish. The player seated south, however, must be a little careful when taking a fish. If South swings a fish out of the hole too vigorously, he may knock over the coffeepot that gurgles atop the oil heater. Crappie fishing and card playing go well together, but not perfectly. In the middle of a hand the cards are sometimes thrown down when fish hit two or three lines simultaneously. And there are times when a crappie takes the bait, swallows it, sets the hook for itself, and tugs and tugs and tugs but is ignored by the Wieses and Knowles above while they play out an exciting card hand.

By sundown the Knowleses and Wieses have kept a dozen fat crappie and bluegills and put back a dozen runty ones. No one has caught cold

continued

At 35 below zero, a half mile out on Fish Hook Lake, fishermen Tom Wermerskirchen posts his third northern pike in the snow as a reassuring sign to fellow spearmen that the pike are moving under the ice.





Ice fishing in the cozy comfort of a winterized shack on Minnesota's Fish Hook Lake, angler Chris Ley gingerly plays a largemouth bass through hole in ice three feet thick.

nor even felt cold. Bill Knowles announces that it grieves him to lose 30¢ to such a mediocre huckleback player as Bill Wiese, but that is as much as anyone suffers on the subzero afternoon.

While the Wiese party fishes for crappie, Chris Ley, in another angling house farther east, is baiting with live minnow, hoping for big walleyes and northern pike. The first fish that takes the bait feels more like a walleye than a northern. It turns out to be a largemouth bass. By the common laws of ecology, bass are not supposed to feed in water colder than 50, but a good number of the Minnesota bass apparently do not know this. Largely from the catches of ice anglers, biologists have come to realize that, while fish generally slow down in colder water, the fresh-water game fish do not by any means lie around all winter like mudbound carp. One three-pound pike dissected in the winter of 1956 had 208 small bluegill in its stomach.

There are today two special breeds of sportsmen who have a privileged view of the world under ice. One of these special breeds, the ice divers, while above water, can feel the cold as much as anyone. However well a diver may be padded and sealed in rubber, the blasts of subzero wind evaporating water on his suit can carry the cold right through him. From above, the hole through which the diver descends looks as black as death. But below, the diver finds a fairly comfortable soft green world. Below there is no wind, no evaporation. The temperature never gets much below freezing, and under three feet of ice there is enough light to read by. The diver's air bubbles race like quicksilver across the jade-green ceiling. The cracking ice sounds like a heavy sea rolling on a distant reef, each new crack shining for a moment like a ragged ribbon of silver. The fishes' winter world, in brief, seems ugly only to those who do not know it.

Since the Minnesota subsoil temperatures range in the 40s and water reaches maximum density at 39.2, there is a stable layer of water that remains at 40 all winter on the lake bottoms. On the harshest days of winter, the poor fish locked below is 80 degrees warmer than the poor Minnesota people in the air above.

The other breed of sportsmen who

look into the world below ice are spearman, who are allowed by Minnesota law to take one game-fish species, the northern pike. Such a one is 20-year-old Tom Wermerskirchen, who, while the Wieses and Knowles are angling in their house with the sun streaming through the windows, sits in his light-tight "dark house" off the north shore of Fish Hook waiting for pike. Once Tom's eyes adjust to the dark, he looks through a window frame of shining ice into a glowing green world. Each ripple in the sand, each strand of eelgrass shows clearly nine feet below. Tom can talk and stir about so long as he makes no sharp noise. His lure, a 10-inch sucker hooked through the dorsal, swims four feet below. Several small perch play for a while under the hole. A big sucker noses through the grass; a four-pound walleye swims past. Then for an hour there is no movement except the current of the Potato River

gently stirring the eelgrass. And as so often happens, about the time Tom is almost hypnotized by the soft scene below, the dark, shovel-like snout of a pike pokes into the window. The sucker lure swims frantically to the opposite side. Like some placid throwback emerging from Devonian time, the pike slides slowly across the window. Tom's face is only six feet above the pike, but hidden from it in darkness. Tom slowly lifts his iron spear and slips the five times slowly, slowly, into the water. The slightest splash would send the pike off like a rocket. In one fast thrust Tom impales the pike, pulls it up and throws it flopping into the snow outside the house. In a minute the pike is so stiff in the cold that it can be stuck like a stick in the snow. Before the sun is down Tom has three pike standing in the snow—fitting totems of the lake country, sure signs that the lakes are alive in winter.

END

ANGLERS EMIL TASKEY AND TOM WERMERSKIRCHEN AS SEEN BY FISH BELOW





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JACKIE PUNG, Honolulu

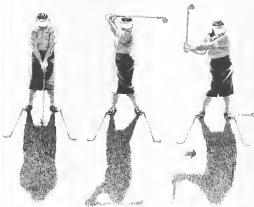
Tip from the Top

The lateral move

ONE of the drabdest but most important elements in improving your golf game is learning to exchange your weight. Everyone knows the fundamentals. On the backswing, your weight—not all of it but most of it—moves to the right. Then on the downswing you transfer your weight back to the left side as you move into and through the ball. The point I want to bring out ties in with the fact that your body doesn't remain stationary on the same axis as you perform the backswing and then the downswing. You must be certain you move into the ball as you play the shot, and only through practice do you learn how to move sufficiently laterally from right to left.

All this, as I have said, is as dull as dishwater compared to the more charming aspects of the golf swing. It has to be learned, though, and to bring a little pleasure to it I follow a practice exercise that has a little fun as well as worth attached to it. With the sun at my back, I take two golf clubs and place one on the ground on each side of my shadow. During my swing I want my shadow to stay within the confines set up by these two clubs. At the top of the backswing, I can see how much room I have to fill in coming forward to have my shadow finish at the left stick.

Not moving forward is a common fault among women golfers and explains why they don't hit the ball as solidly and as well as they should. With the golf club guides women can do a lot, I think, to overcome the bad habit of getting stuck on the right side. It also helps to correct a bad tendency to lean forward as you hit into the shot.



NEXT TIP: Lew Myers on the essentials of the chip



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

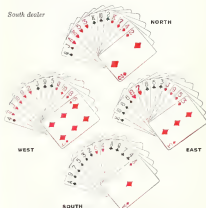
A time to finesse

FROM THE MOMENT a bridge neophyte learns how to win an additional trick by finessing, his progress toward expertise may be charted on a graph recording the frequency of his finesses.

For a while, like a child with a new toy, he takes every finesse in sight. Sooner or later he learns to avoid the dangerous finesses which are not necessary to his purpose. Later still, he is able to sidestep finesses which on superficial analysis appear to be necessary but actually are not. Finally he comes to recognize the situation when an "unnecessary" finesse is the only way to make his contract. At that moment he has graduated to the high rank of expert.

How can an essential finesse be labeled "unnecessary"? To illustrate, let me cite this historic deal, played by my good Dutch friends the Goudsmits. It occurred in the international bridge matches held at Scheveningen, Netherlands in 1932.

South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
(F. Goudsmits)		(S. Goudsmits)	
1♠	PASS	2 N.T.	PASS
3♠	PASS	4♠	PASS
5♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: heart queen

I am unable to explain the Goudsmits' bidding system. Obviously, North's two no-trump response was intended to describe a much stronger hand than it would today. However, the slam contract was reasonably sound. With a trump split, 12 tricks would have been available, regardless of the location of the spade king. But declarer ran into a bad break in trumps.

Dummy won the heart opening, and the queen of spades was led. East covered with the king, and South won with the ace. Now if either opponent had started life with a doubleton 10, declarer would make a grand slam. But West showed out on the next spade lead, leaving East's 10-8 as the major tenace.

To avoid conceding two trump tricks, South had to find some way of reducing his own hand to only two trumps and then getting dummy on lead at the crucial moment, so that East would have to play a trump from his 10-8 ahead of declarer's 9-7.

South led to his diamond ace, returned to dummy with a heart and trumped a diamond. Next he cashed the ace of clubs and led the 4. West played the 9 and, although declarer could win all the club tricks without a finesse, he was forced to take the "unnecessary" finesse of dummy's ten-spot to gain an extra entry to dummy.

When the club 10 held the trick another low diamond was trumped. Dummy was reentered with the king of clubs to lead the king of diamonds. East had to play his diamond jack under the king, and South discarded his good queen of clubs.

On the next lead from dummy South held the 9-7 of spades behind East's 10-8. No matter which trump East used, he could not prevent South from scoring the 12th trick. Making the slam helped the Netherlands defeat Norway and finish second to the great Austrian team that had dominated European bridge from 1933 to 1937.

Without detracting from Fritz Goudsmits' fine recovery, I should point out (before my sharp-eyed readers reach for their typewriters) that his own haste had made the "unnecessary" finesse essential. It could have been avoided if he had cashed the ace of diamonds before leading a second spade. No doubt the "good luck" of winning the extra finesse made him careless.

EXTRA TRICK

When you have had what seems like a lucky break, be doubly careful to look ahead to what else may menace the success of your contract.

END



SKIN-DIVING SUITS at Saber Reef are of unconfining wool or elastic knits. Kate Milner's is full-fashioned Ban-Lon-and-rubber two-piece (\$15, Dariens; Saks Fifth Avenue; Kleiner's petal cup, \$6); Frank O'Connor's, hound's-tooth-check wool (\$9, Westwood; Bullock's).

SPORTING LOOK / *Fred R. Smith*
Jo Ahern Zill

For an idyll in the islands

THE GREATEST attraction in the Caribbean is the water—warm, crystal, calm. It welcomes swimmers and snorkelers who explore the fantastic reefs and sun on the secluded beaches which scallop every little island. Sailing through the Virgin Islands, as outlined by Carleton Mitchell (see pages 60-66), is one enchanting way to see the natural beauties of the Caribbean. On these five pages are new resort clothes designed for just such an idyll on, alongside and in the water, with occasional side trips ashore for sightseeing and night life.





Photographs by Carroll Sapers II

THE BEACH SET of trunks and shirt is the gentleman's approach to swim wear this winter. Swim trunks are briefer, though more conservative than the male bikinis appearing on European beaches. At St. John's Caneel Bay, Eric Winter (with guitar) wears multicolored madras swim trunks and matching shirt (trunks \$10, shirt \$11, F. A. Mac-Ghee, Gidding's, Cincinnati; I. Maguin). Art Mauer (in the background) tops belted stretch trunks with neatly piped black terry jacket (trunks \$6, jacket \$9, Catalina).

THE KNITTED BIKINI is the swimmer's answer for snorkelling and/or sunbathing on a rubber raft. Mrs. John C. Lilly wears a red wool knit with pearl buttons (\$25, Rodi Gernreich for Westwood; Saks Fifth Avenue) for paddling around reefs at Honeymoon Beach on St. Thomas.

KNITTED COTTONS for sailing are: Gun Agell's safari shirt (\$10) and two-piece swimsuit (\$15, both Geist & Geist; J. W. Robinson); Carolyn Mauer's shorts with hooded jacket (\$6 each, Aileen; Macy's, New York); Art's windbreaker has arm vents (\$17, Mighty-Mae; Jordan Marsh).

CONTINUED



Big year for native fabrics

BIGGER THAN EVER in this winter resort season is Indian madras. Now a perennial, madras dyed in muted colorspecular to India's vegetable dyes, came into this hemisphere by way of the Caribbean (SI, Jan. 29, 1956) and is now dominant in all categories of resort apparel—slacks, shorts, shirts, dresses, dinner jackets, at-home pajamas, ties, cummerbunds, belts, even shoes and ditty bags for sailboats. It has paved the way for other fabrics with a similar rough-crafted look: batiks in brilliant Javanese and African prints are one example; sturdy work fabrics such as duck, denim and ticking are others. Shown here in Charlotte Amalie are shore clothes, for socializing or spectating at the Go-Kart races. They will be as much at home on northern shores this summer.



NEW JACKETS are (left) Dacron-and-cotton gingham (\$37.50, Engel; Chipps, Inc.) and Paul Simpson's duck blazer piped with hemp (\$35, Cricketeer; Burdine's Hathaway shirt, \$9).



POPULAR PANTS at Go-Kart races are batik and madras. Man's batik pants at left, also shown close up at right (\$18.50, Corbin; Paul Stuart), are worn with ecru knitted shirt (\$13, Fashion



Still). Girl's long pants are batik and madras (\$16 each, Gordon-Ford); man's are madras (\$18, Gutstein-Tuck). Blazer (\$15) teams with shorts (\$8, White Stag), madras cap from Gobb.



TICKING DAY DRESS with matching pants is worn by Elisabeth Lilly for marketing on St. Thomas (\$49, Tina Leser: Harold's, Minneapolis; Neiman-Marcus). Hemp shopping bag is from Park Lane (\$5).

MADRAS COSTUME pairs sheath (\$23), trench coat (\$70, Polly Hornburg for Calypso; Pearl Lehrer, Hewlett, L.I.; Leigh, Ltd., Kenilworth, Ill.). Mules are Capzio's.



HOTTEST PAJAMAS worn by Gun Agell at Harbor View, on Frenchman's Hill on St. Thomas, are made of Galey & Lord's nonbleed version of madras (\$39, Pembroke Squires for Cabana; Bardine's, Henri Bendel).

CONTINUED

Silk for evening

Even as native fabrics dominate the daytime resort scene, so do elegant silks characterize dress for evening. During a period when styling is simple and familiar, fabric interest is paramount, and silks in natural golden-beiges and brilliant prints have taken over. Men's jackets for evening are cut like sport jackets but have such distinctive textures as raw India silk. The newest fabric in men's sport jackets, however, is a summer mesh that is made in Italy and is ventilated by thousands of tiny holes.



SILK-GIFFON SHIRTWAIST printed in gold with tti leaves (\$110, B. H. Wragge; Bonwit Teller, New York; I. Magnin), and golden Indian-inspired bib and bracelets (Hattie Carnegie) are worn by Gun Agell, shown with husband Bertil at Fortuna sugar plantation ruins on St. Thomas. His raw silk jacket is natural golden-beige (\$65, Chester Laurie). Gun's silk crepe pumps match her dress (\$25, Margaret Jerrold).

AT SUNDOWN AT HARBOR VIEW Carolyn Maier wears a shirtwaist of rose-printed silk (\$89.50) and a braid-bound cashmere sweater (\$70, Claire Potter; Lord & Taylor). Gold jewelry is by Monet; lizard-trimmed pumps, Capesio. Art's white mesh jacket, coolest on St. Thomas (\$30, Mighty-Mae; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh), is worn with tropical wooded slides (\$30, Duke's; Porter's, New Orleans), U.S. Rubber shoes.

Bitter and better bowls

Superb passes, dazzling runs, collapse of a superstar and a near brawl made it a rewarding day for the channel-switcher

BLESSED with normal agility and a certain amount of determination, it was possible on New Year's Day to spend six hours in front of a television set and emerge, dial fingers blistered and retinas raw, with a vast sense of accomplishment; attendance at four bowl games. Those with

emotional or monetary attachments to Louisiana State and Wisconsin may disagree, but it seemed to be unusually good entertainment. Seven of the eight teams were ranged among the top 10 in final wire-service polls and this may have accounted for better over-all quality than in years

past. And despite the absence of suspense, there was a handful of outstanding individual performances and some rather surprising developments on the field. What one might have missed by remaining at home—pretty girls, parades, traffic jams, cold hot dogs—was compensated for by the impressions gained from viewing the production as a whole. Some of the impressions as well as some of the key players appear on these three pages.

continued

EXPLOSIVE MOMENT at Dallas became most headlined—and most controversial—event at any bowl game. Threatened battle between Syracuse tackle John Brown, who said a Texas player four times called him a "dirty sigger," and Longhorn

Larry Stephens (84) was averted when the two rival coaches piled into middle of scuffle, herded players toward their own lines. Whether or not there was name-calling, the Cotton Bowl undoubtedly produced day's most aggressive tackles and blocks.





FINGER-TIP CATCH in end zone by tumbling Lee Fulkins occurred at end of 23-yard pass from Bob Schloredt, Washington's one-eyed wizard of a quarterback, who confounded beefy Wisconsin defense all day with slick play selection. What other heroes the Huskies needed were supplied by George Fleming (23), scoring at right on a 53-yard punt return, aided by teammate Kurt Gogner's block. Fleming, a Negro from Dallas whom an integrated Texas could have used, later ran another punt back 55 yards, caught a 65-yard pass, kicked a 36-yard field goal and five extra points.



TERRIFIC TWIN quarterback punch of Georgia, featuring running and defensive play of Charley Britt (17), pairing of Francis Turkenton (10), led to Missouri's downfall in the Orange Bowl. Britt's darting roll-out





runs and punt returns softened the Tigers up while his two timely interceptions kept them away from the Georgia goal. Then Thornton came in to throw two touchdown passes and give Georgia a victory in what its coach, Wally Butts, called "our worst game all year."



HOUNDED STAR, LSU's famed Heisman Trophy winner, Billy Cannon, spent most of a miserable Sugar Bowl afternoon on the seat of his All-America pants. The boy whose No. 20 jersey will be the first ever retired at Louisiana State could gain but eight yards on Mississippi tacklers in six carries, dropped a pass, failed to complete the only one he threw. At times it appeared that Cannon's jersey had been retired a day early, with Billy inside.



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THE FOUR-MINUTE MILE by Roger Bannister. Dodd, Mead & Co., \$3.50. The acutely perceptive autobiography of the British medical student who challenged and for the first time broke the four-minute barrier for the mile run.

THE MAGNIFICENT RUBE by Charles Samuels. McGraw-Hill, \$4.50. The life and gaudy times of America's most spectacular sports promoter and showman, who was born next door to Jesse James, made and lost several fortunes in the Klondike and won his greatest fame as the creator of boxing's "million-dollar gate."

PLAYING FOR LIFE by William F. Talbert. Little, Brown and Co., \$4.00. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** Tennis Editor, one of the greatest of all-time players, tells the exciting and courageous story of his life as a diabetic and sports champion who gave new hope to diabetics everywhere.

SPORT IN ART

Night fishing as Picasso sees it

THE colorful and fanciful painting on the right, Pablo Picasso's *Night Fishing at Antibes*, is one of the artist's most winsome odes of the outdoor scene. Painted in 1939, just before the outbreak of World War II, it then represented a new line for Picasso, whose abstract techniques have done more to influence 20th century painting than that of any other artist.

The scene was one well familiar to Picasso, and he translated it with exuberance and vivid color into his own personal and stylized painting. He shows the spear fishermen of Antibes, in the south of France, working close to the shore, luring the fish to the surface with a lamp. Their activities have stopped some interested bystanders on the quay, two girls who pause in the languid evening to watch the outcome. One (at the right) holds a bicycle and looks at a double-dip ice cream cone. In the background on the left is the blocky form of the old castle of Grimaldi which, since the time of the painting, has become a Picasso museum.

Today, of course, practically every major museum in the world boasts at least one Picasso, for whether one looks in amusement, confusion or admiration, one is compelled to look.



IN "NIGHT FISHING AT ANTIBES," PICASSO SHOWS THE TENSE EXCITEMENT OF FISH-SPEARING



A LAZY DAY in the Caribbean finds two yachts swinging languidly in trade wind off Virgin Gorda island as swimmer tentatively tests the crystal waters. These huge rocks give this stretch the name Baths of Virgin Gorda. Yacht anchored offshore at upper left is Author Carleton Mitchell's charter ketch *Burmesban*.

NEW MAGIC IN AN ANCIENT SEA

*Fallen Jerusalem, Privateer Bay, a tiny cove off Dead Chest—
these are rewards awaiting those who cruise the Virgin Islands*

by CARLETON MITCHELL

DOWN in the Virgin Islands they have a saying that there are two kinds of time, "clock time and Cruzan time." The former is the variety which we all know too well, the scurrying second hand adding up to minutes and the minutes to hours, each a reminder of appointments to be kept and each carrying a sense of destiny. But Cruzan time is something else again. Spoken in the softly slurred West Indian dialect, it sounds like "cruising"; and it stems from Santa Cruz, the name Columbus bestowed on his first landfall in the archipelago, now St. Croix. Cruzan time means take it easy, old boy, enjoy the sun and the view and the tall glass in your hand. It's later than you think only by clock time.

It seems the most natural thing in the world that time should slow down in the Virgin Islands. They lie against the dark blue velvet of the sea like a handful of emeralds scattered by a careless pirate. Some are low and framed by beaches of dazzling white

sand, while others are rocky and steep enough to defy a browsing goat. Some await their Robinson Crusoe with an air of never having known the tread of man, others are dotted by houses riding the saddles of the hills or snuggled under palms in sheltered coves. There are nightclubs in the towns with calypso music and on the outer islands ruins of ancient plantations being recaptured by creeping growth; and there are shining modern homes close to weathered stone houses almost hidden by hibiscus and bougainvilleas. Around the next headland from the settlement is always the deserted anchorage. Everywhere is contrast in color and form and character; palms waving against a background of blue; slow-moving friendly people; and an overwhelming sense of seclusion.

Here also, for those who want them, can be curved sails overhead and a wake creaming astern, for no area anywhere in the world offers better cruising conditions during most of

the year. The entire archipelago of some 100 islands and cays is within the magic band of the tropics, yet not far enough south to experience searing equatorial heat. The blizzards which sweep across the United States in winter to occasionally chill Florida and the Bahamas touch them not; and in the summer the surrounding ocean acts as a vast air-conditioner. There is little difference in temperature between January and June. A dull gray day is a rarity.

Almost constantly there is a breeze from the east, the trade wind of the era of commercial sail. Rare is the day when it does not come up with the sun, ready to drive a cruising yacht to the next harbor. True, there are times when it falls to a whisper, and other occasions when it pipes a mite too pert for comfort, but generally the trade wind is close to just right for a husky little vessel, especially in sheltered water.

I had come down to the Virgin Islands remembering all this from previous visits. I was beaten by snow and the book I was writing and the telephone and found myself suffering mirages of sparkling water and waving palms. I left New York one dismal afternoon ankle-deep in slush, paused overnight in San Juan and decanted myself the following morning in St. Croix, blinking at the sunshine like a hibernating bear whose tree has been pulled apart. I had 10 days before me, and on Cruzan time that is a long holiday.

"St. Croix is a place which grows on you," said my old friend Lee Platt as we later sat looking out over the harbor at Christansted. "It is as different from St. Thomas as town and country. We don't have tourists in the usual sense, but we do have the gracious life." St. Croix, home of Cruzan time, is determined to remain that way. The guesthouses convey a feeling of leisureliness rather than bird-of-passage urgency. Although there are many delightful places to stay, there is not a single typical resort hotel on the island.

It is a long and narrow island, shaped somewhat like a weather vane, pointed toward the prevailing breeze. It is entirely separate from its sisters,

continued

rising as an isolated peak, one of the few islands in the West Indies wholly surrounded by the Caribbean Sea. The eastern end receives scant moisture; it tends to be arid, but its compensations are good beaches and virtually unending sunshine. The central section is a garden of fertile soil, tended through the centuries. Cane fields run in a green-and-brown checkerboard from the shore to the central ridge of mountains, whose heights are cool and shadowy in lush, liana-forested rain forests. Conical stone towers of ancient windmills dot the slopes, reminders of a glamorous past when West Indian planters lived as rich and pleasant a life as any in history.

NEW islands have had a more varied background. St. Croix has flown seven flags—Spanish, British, Dutch, French, Knights of Malta, Danish and United States. Traces of each culture are visible. It is the least Americanized American possession of my experience. Here are no four-lane highways, no garish signs, no inharmonious civic structures. Traffic moves on the left, British fashion; the streets of the towns are called gades, from the days of Danish occupancy; houses front the sidewalk with gardens behind, as customary in French colonies; and the policeman on the corner may address pedestrians in Spanish.

Christiansted is the principal town. A squat red fortress with white trim, built by the Danes in 1734, still commands the harbor, looking like an oversized Christmas package. Scores of schooners and interisland freight boats unload at the quay, and carts piled high go rumbling off to dim shops. Sidewalks are shaded by overhanging upper floors, supported by coral block and brick arches along the street line. Houses are painted in pastels, pink and yellow and green—colors which fade quickly in the sun to harmonize with weathered ancient walls. Open doors afford glimpses into patios brilliant with flowers. All is quiet and cool and unhurried, probably changed little in appearance or feeling from the days when Alexander Hamilton clerked in a local store.

Barnabas, the 48-foot steel ketch I had chartered by mail, arrived on schedule. Built in Holland, *Barnabas* looked capable, comfortable, sea-kindly—and slow. She was. "We

never has to reef," boasted Captain Ronnie as I came aboard, a sure indication of a vessel undercanvassed for normal conditions. But *Barnabas* wasn't racing, and I had left the mental stop watch firmly buried in the snow with *Pennsylvanie*.

Anchor up, *Barnabas* heeled to a glorious fresh easterly. It was a brilliant day, with small white clouds scurrying overhead and each wavelet reflecting myriad points of sunshine. We had a choice of a 35-mile sail across open ocean to the main group or a lazy night behind nearby Buck Island, five miles along the coast. Offshore the white trade wind horses were kicking up their heels. *Mañana*, I decided, and chose the low road in smooth water to a wide beach and snug anchorage behind an unshaded tropic isle complete with waving palms. Such are the joys of cruising Craxan style.

But next morning the high road beckoned. After an early swim—and what is a greater luxury while others shiver than to swim in warm clear water, so clear you can see the anchor on the bottom below, so warm you stand on deck drying in the breeze?—the main was belated, and *Barnabas* ambled sedately around the fringing reef.

Away from the lee the seas were long but without malice, gentle rollers topped by crests which slapped softly at our ample flanks. The water was the deep purple blue of the abyss, for not far offshore were depths exceeding 2,000 fathoms, over two miles. Trade-wind clouds ringed the horizon but never seemed to come overhead. Flying fish skittered away. Patches of brown sargasso weed drifted past, and around them dolphin darted.

Our course was slightly east of north for Norman Island, at first indistinguishable from others of the group. The wind was east-southeast, about 15 knots, making it an easy fetch. Occasionally *Barnabas* rolled her rail down almost to the water, while a smother of white foam bodied off to leeward. It was lovely, lazy sailing, and gradually the islands ahead lifted and separated, meanwhile changing from the hazy blue of distance to bright patterns of green vegetation and brown rocks.

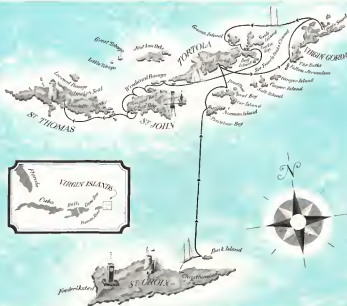
Behind the point at the southwest corner of Norman lay a beautiful cove, shown on the chart as Privateer Bay. This made out into a long

A GRAND BASIN OF ISLANDS

To understand cruising the Virgins it is necessary to visualize the group from St. Thomas to Virgin Gorda. Two parallel lines of islands extend almost east and west, forming the Sir Francis Drake Channel, named for that intrepid Elizabethan sea predator when he proceeded through in 1585 to attack Hispaniola. In the words of the *New Seafaring Directions for 1818*, "Nature has so arranged the islands as to form a grand basin . . . wherein ships may lie at anchor, landlocked and sheltered from every wind." Thus when the trade is blowing northeast, the water is smooth under the lee of Tortola; when it blows southeast, better conditions exist along the shores of the southern islands. This is not to say that during the heaviest weight of the trade winds the channel cannot get rough, but it is the sea of, say, Long Island Sound or Chesapeake Bay rather than the open ocean. And distances between islands are short and harbors plentiful. As Reed Chambers of *Mermaid III* put it, "You could anchor in a different harbor every night for 30 nights and each would be perfect." Further, in only a very few places—well charted—is pilotage made hazardous by hidden dangers, such as coral heads or reefs. In the Virgins, if you can't see it, you aren't likely to hit it, a welcome change from many areas.

peninsula called Treasure Point, perhaps in recognition of the legend that in caves near the tip a Spanish chest crammed with gold and jewels was found half a century ago. Beyond this point extended a snug anchorage, The Bight. A long half-moon of white sand curved around water, which paled as it shoaled, while above palms moved in the soft warm breeze. Two small yachts lay anchored close to the shore; another swung near the point, her crew spearfishing over coral clumps.

It seemed almost a shame to leave this place after a short stay, but I had remembered a certain cove on Peter Island where I wanted to swim before dark. Typical of distances down here, the open water passage between the islands was two miles. Passing close along the shore of Peter Island we were tempted by another pair of anchorages, Great and Little Harbor on the chart, before coming to Sprat Bay.



This was it, a long-remembered dream of tropic perfection: multihued water, white sand beach, overhanging coconut palms—the works. And just offshore Dead Chest, a steep bleak island, the ideal place to leave a band of drunken pirates singing “Fifteen men on the dead man’s chest, yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!” Local legend has it that Blackbeard marooned part of a mutinous crew here, forming the inspiration for Robert Louis Stevenson’s famous *Treasure Island* chant.

I read my swim here; then, with the light fading, Burnabas crept into the harbor of Road Town, on Tortola, passing in the channel a pair of spouting whales that were a match both in over-all length and beam. Road Town is the port of entry for the British part of the group, which includes the islands and cays north and east of a line curving around the windward side

of St. John. Formalities consisted merely of surrendering a crew list, despite our fracture of regulations by stopping at Norman before officially entering British territory.

Road Town was no longer familiar. In the ‘30s, and even after the war, it had been a tiny settlement, oriented to the fields on the slopes above and to a fleet of fishing and cargo sloops. Now, by comparison, it was a bustling metropolis. At the head of the dock taxi drivers competed for attention—and I could not remember an automobile of any sort on previous visits. Along the main street houses extended cheek by jowl, and on the outskirts of town were two hotels, one chic enough to harbor Noel Coward when he was a refugee from the curious during the height of the Jamaica tourist season.

Next morning, as we sailed out, I saw that vessels were still being built under the palms in the ancient

manner. In the warm light Road Town had the quality of an impressionist painting: cubes of houses, mostly white but some in soft pastels, with faded red corrugated iron roofs; and receding planes of brown hillsides patterned by intensely green trees and cloud shadows.

Less than 10 miles away were the Baths of Virgin Gorda, beyond Salt Island, beyond Cooper, beyond Carval Rock and Ginger and Fallen Jerusalem. Slowly we tacked in long hitches. I dozed atop the deckhouse in the sun, considering the names on the chart, wondering why they had been given.

Virgin Gorda, our destination, was easy: *gorda* means fat in Spanish, and the peak to the north made it a very obese island indeed. Carval was a rock which someone long ago probably thought resembled a ship—15th or 16th century nomenclature. Salt

continued

Island had a central pond, perhaps where seawater entered to evaporate. Cooper and Ginger were hard to guess, but as we neared Fallen Jerusalem the derivation was apparent. Some strange freak of nature had created huge squarish boulders and rock pinnacles and then tossed them around to look like a ruined city.

A similar formation rises dramatically at the southern end of Virgin Gorda. Enormous rocks, smoothly rounded as though by glacial action, were heaped on one corner of the curving beach. A triangular gap led to an inner cave, somewhat like the Blue Grotto at Capri except that the water was pale green over the hard sand bottom. These were the *Bathia*, frequented by generations of sailors, and so labeled on British admiralty charts.

At the opposite end of Virgin Gorda lay Gorda Sound, almost land-encircled, fairly deep in the center, with clear water and scattered ledges in the shallows near shore. Claude, our cook from the French island of St. Barthélemy, promised good spearfishing. He also promised with the proceeds of the day's sport to concoct for us a luscious fish stew—"a



THE AUTHOR brings a crawfish for the pot from the sandy bottom of Gorda Sound.

kind of bouillabaisse we eat here."

In the water, with face mask and snorkel, it was clear that Claude was making no idle promises. But despite the appeal to the gourmet side of my nature, the hunter was stilled as I looked around me. Nothing in nature quite compares to a tropic reef. For a long while I hung with a curious weightlessness, occasionally kicking down, noting how the sand was ridged into tiny hills and valleys by the ac-

tion of the sea, and the strange semaphore of sea urchins tucked in rock crevices. Then a margate fish just right for the pot moved slowly over a bright patch of open bottom, and my thoughts changed. I dived and missed. As I floated on the surface, reloading, a grouper swam from one coral head to another, going into a tiny cavern. I went down. Nothing. A fish can put on a better disappearing act than any Houdini. But on the third dive a handspan of mottled brownish skin showed for an instant. One for the pot. Add a crawfish whose feelers had poked from under the bottom coral ledge as I stalked the grouper. Enough—especially as I saw that Claude was towing a string of small-*er fry*.

Back on *Barnabas*, sitting in the cockpit admiring the sunset through the liquid amber filter of another of the products of St. Croix, I watched Claude fashion his West Indian bouillabaisse. It was a dish worth recording: Brown 2 sliced onions and 3 diced garlic cloves in 1 tablespoon butter and 1 tablespoon cooking oil; add $\frac{1}{2}$ small can tomato sauce, a "touch" of curry powder, salt and pepper, and about 3 pounds of fish—including the heads—scaled and cleaned but unboned, cut in chunks. Pour in hot

ITEMS FOR A HAPPY CRUISE

CHARTERING A YACHT: There are vessels available in both St. Croix and St. Thomas, but the latter fleet is much larger, thus offering greater selection of type and size. Also there is less danger of being wind-bound operating out of Charlotte Amalie as there is no long open water passage to other harbors. Generally speaking, most yachts are best suited to a maximum party of four, although some can squeeze aboard six. Prices range from \$450 to \$500 per week, usually plus a flat charge of \$5 per person per day for food and drink—alcoholic and non-alcoholic, although a wine lover would undoubtedly be expected to bring his own.

The charter fleet divides roughly into two categories: boats operated by the owner (sometimes with his wife as cook) and boats absentee-owned, with a West Indian crew. In the former group, as the owner is trying to build a business based on doing what he wants most to do, he is likely to try harder to please the guest, run an efficient ship and be generally agreeable. On the other hand, he will have his own way of doing things, tend to be one of the party and, naturally, assume command. The West Indian crew will be more inclined to let the charterer make the decisions.

Information on the St. Thomas fleet may be had through Colonel or Mrs. Frew Henry, Blue Water Cruises, P.O. Box 748 (cable address: *Bluewa*); or St. Thomas Charter Boat Association, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. As Mrs. Henry puts it, "It is important for people writing down to tell something

about themselves—age and, especially, inclinations: whether they really want to sail or will be content to sit in snug harbors, whether they want to hit the hotels and native bars ashore or want solitude, whether they like spearfishing or trolling or any other special sport." She also points out that to avoid misunderstanding the price of a telephone call is a good investment.

TRANSPORTATION ASHORE: There are auto rental agencies in both St. Thomas and St. Croix. Presentation of a valid state-issued license plus payment of \$1 insurance fee entitles an American citizen to a temporary driving permit. St. Thomas offers Volkswagens, Fords and shocking-pink surrey-fringed jeeps as well as conventional American cars.

UNDERWATER EQUIPMENT: In St. Thomas everything is available from the simplest snorkel and flipper outfit to aqua-lungs and cameras, either on a purchase or rental basis. Claude Caron, father of the glamorous actress Leslie Caron, has a well-stocked store of American and European items at the usual low costs; the Virgin Islands Spearfishing School operates daily expeditions; and Virgin Islands Pleasure Boats will introduce either beginners or experts to the fascinating underwater world. In St. Croix, aqua-lungs and related gear may be rented from Bill Miller in Christiansted and Kim Hurd in Frederiksted on the western end of the island.

water to cover and squeeze in the juice of 2 limes. Cook covered until the flesh of the fish begins to flake from the bones. Lift out the fish onto warm plates and pour the liquid from the pot into separate bowls. The broth is served as a first course, although I recommend saving some to moisten the rice which accompanies the fish; it is rich, dark reddish-brown in color and very savory. The fish will be moist and perfect. A superb combination with a salad on the side, especially eaten in the cockpit under the stars after a day of sailing and swimming.

Gorda Sound was my planned turning point, as it is for most cruising the *Virginia*. Beyond lay only Anegada, a lonely flat island surrounded by a maze of coral reefs which look like barbed wire entanglements on a chart. Now *Barnabus* would be scudding off before the trade wind, the happiest time of tropic sailing.

Leaving to port a group of rocks with the lovely names of Seal Dog, George Dog, Great Dog and West Dog, *Barnabus* rolled gently along outside Great Camanoe to round the west end of Guana Island. Still guarding the approach to the harbor was the rock formation from which the island takes its name, looking exactly like the outthrust head of a giant lizard. It had been 10 years since I last dropped anchor in the inner cove, facing a beach of blindingly white sand. High above on the saddle of the hill was the manor house, built on the foundations of a Quaker plantation of two centuries ago; to the north it commanded a view of open blue ocean; to the south the pale blue and green water of the harbor, with Tortola beyond.

Guana Island is a club, operated by Louis and Beth Bigelow, which may be entered on introduction by a member, but it is only one of a number of places where visitors may get away from it all for days or weeks on an outer island. Some of these same guesthouses are happy to have visiting yachtsmen come ashore for drinks or a meal to vary the shipboard routine. While the Virgin Islands is a place where privacy still exists and miles of deserted beaches and uninhabited coves remain, during the past few years escapees from colder climes have found here their own ideal place to live, and many have provided guest facilities to supplement income.

That same evening in Trellis Bay



THE COOK proudly displays another item for his native Virgin Islands bouffabiance.

on Beef Island I found an example of amenities which now exist for visitors, unknown a decade ago when I sailed through the same waters in *Corib*. As *Barnabus* crept into the completely protected harbor an outboard-powered runabout left shore to indicate a mooring which we could use. Behind the dock was a boatyard complete with marine railway, and along the curve of the beach a row of cottages for rent. On a tiny cay in the center stood a pleasant small hotel with outdoor bar and dining room.

FROM Trellis Bay there was a choice of sailing eastward along the Atlantic Ocean side of Tortola, passing inside Joat Van Dyke and cutting into Pillsbury Sound through the Windward Passage; or beating the short distance around the windward tip of Beef Island to run *St. Francis Drake Channel*. Unhesitatingly I chose the latter. There is much ocean in the world, looking pretty much alike, but nothing to compare with *Drake's Channel*.

We rounded The Bluff; islands extended in a semicircle from bow to stern on either hand, fair little islands in a shimmering sea, so closely spaced ahead there seemed no place for *Barnabus* to go. Soon Road Town was on the starboard beam, and the gap between Tortola and *St. John* became visible. The miles spun slowly astern while vistas of beach and palms slid past as though on an unwinding screen. With a warm sun, a cool trade wind, a fishing line trailing astern, harbors ahead, harbors astern, water over the side for swimming—what

price now glory or gain, or the distant metropolis?

St. John, as we approached, revealed itself as a mountainous island with strongly etched valleys running down to the sea. On all sides many of these terminated in coves exactly right for the *Cruzan* cruiser, a new delight around each headland. We poked into them, sampling beaches and spearfishing like connoisseurs tasting rare vintages, anchoring when and as we pleased. And perhaps one of the best things about *St. John* is that it is likely to remain in the future much as it is today. In 1956 Laurance Rockefeller turned over to the Secretary of the Interior the deed to approximately 5,600 of the island's 12,000 acres, and it has been set aside as a national park. More area will probably be added, and, meanwhile, visitors can be accommodated in a lovely hotel at Caneel Bay, once maintained as a rest center by the Danish West India Company. There are also guesthouses in Trunk and Cruz Bay, outside the limits of the park.

Cruz Bay is a U.S. port of entry, complete with Government House, docks and a few shops. There is regular launch service to Redhook Bay in *St. Thomas*, and automobiles may be hired for the trip to Caneel Bay and other points.

We stayed around *St. John* until even *Cruzan* time ran out. So finally it was necessary to head out on our final passage across Pillsbury Sound, a spectacular body of water by any standards. *Barnabus* slid through a gap between Water Point and a small scrubby cay bearing the imposing name of Great *St. James Island*. The trade wind had continued moderate, and under us the water lay almost flat. Below the keel we caught glimpses of bottom, and ahead and off to starboard *St. Thomas* was reflected, complete to cloud cover.

St. Thomas through the centuries has been a goal of seafarers, perhaps in part because of the delights of the shore. The town of Charlotte Amalie faces the sea but runs up the mountainsides, perhaps symbolizing the sailor's duality—love of the water but need for the land, with alternating desire to escape from each. Houses cover the slopes of three low hills—Government, Berg and French—which in the old windjammer days were called Foretop, Maintop and

continued

Mizzen-top. Some streets were too steep for ordinary paving and so became long flights of steps.

As early as 1733 Charlotte Amalie was declared a free port by the King of Denmark, and it soon became not only a center of legitimate trade for the West Indies but a rendezvous of privateers and, in the words of an old volume of sailing directions, "such traffic as the French, English, Dutch and Spaniards dare not carry on publicly in their own islands." It was also a favorite haunt of the Brethren of the Coast, the buccaneers. Dominating the town from a bluff is Bluebeard's Castle Hotel, where a pirate of that name is reputed to have maintained a lookout tower, and on another eminence was once the stronghold of Edward Teach, better known as Blackbeard, one of the thoroughgoing rascals of history. He wore flowing whiskers done up in pigtails, through which slow-burning matches for setting off cannon were thrust; he traveled festooned with pistols, which sometimes during drinking bouts were suddenly fired in the direction of his companions; and a favorite pastime was to create a version of Hell by battering down the hatches of his vessel, igniting sulphur and seeing who could take it longest.

The pirates are gone but Charlotte Amalie remains an open and broad-minded city. It is still a free port; no customs duties are levied on most incoming merchandise and shops are stocked with the pick of the world at prices far below stateside levels. A conscious effort has been made to avoid the appearance of overt commercialism. Although St. Thomas is much more of a tourist island than St. Croix, with large modern hotels frankly oriented to the tripper and short-term visitor, it has not bartered away its charm. Much of the city remains a pleasant place to wander and dream, a blend of Old World and West Indian architecture and atmosphere.

As *Bernabux* sailed slowly into the harbor, our course was paralleled by a sloop from Tortola, deck piled high with produce, a goat tethered to the mainmast. The waterfront along Veterans Drive was lined by sailing craft, one of the last commercial sailing fleets in existence. Steady winds and low operating costs have managed to stave off the incursion of the diesel. Here the strong, sweet smell of rum in casks blends undisturbed with the rich aroma of coffee as cargoes are unloaded from all over the Caribbean, and dusky sailors sing as they add patches to crazy-quilt sails.

Bernabux swung to starboard when we were well into the embrace of the land, and I blinked with astonishment at the number and variety of the yachts moored in the marina at the head of Long Bay. Yacht Haven has not only become the center of the Virgin Islands charter fleet but serves as a base in the West Indies for many cruising vessels wintering far from their ice-bound home ports. Not only are all the other Virgin Islands easily accessible from St. Thomas—unlike St. Croix, which during periods of heavy winds can be virtually isolated from the rest of the group—but St. Thomas forms an ideal jumping-off place for the whole of the curving bow of the Windward and Leeward islands.

Ashore, I found much new, much remembered from visits extending back nearly 20 years, but little essentially changed. The facilities of Yacht Haven included a swimming pool flanked by restaurant and bar, with efficiency apartments behind, all recent; but at venerable Hotel 1829 the planter's punch tasted the same, and the view from Drake's Seat, a thousand feet above the sea, was just as magnificent and almost as uncluttered as on my first climb, before the beginning of the Virgin Islands boom—for such the present influx of visitors and residents must be considered, in part occasioned by the miracles of air transport, in part reflecting a changing economic and social philosophy, whereby having fun today is more important than building for tomorrow. From Drake's Seat, where the old sea dog is supposed to have watched his fleet pass in review, Mogens Bay and a magnificent vista of the Atlantic, patterned by islands, opened to the north; on the opposite side lay Charlotte Amalie harbor with the blue Caribbean beyond. At this height the trade wind blew strong, carrying a touch of chill, but in contrast the sun seemed even hotter. All timeless qualities, which will never change. Perhaps cement and chrome hotels will appear on more hillsides, and the streets of the towns will become more crowded, but for the countable future there will remain the secluded beaches and deserted coves. Thus my final impression of the Virgin Islands remained much as my first: everywhere contrast, in color and form and character. A place to visit, to sail, to live—all on Cruzan time, of course.

END



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4 "Back ashore, I looked at one of my car's plugs and saw quickly why the outboard people recommended 'unleaded' gas. The plug was badly fouled."



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Sailboat Results

Following are 1959's major class-boat champions and deep-water-race winners

CLASS BOAT CHAMPIONS

A Sloop: Inland Lakes YA Regatta, Minneapolis; Ernst Schmidt, Lake Geneva, Wis.

Atlantic: National, Cold Spring Harbor, N.Y.; Hoyt Perry Jr., Southport, Conn.

Seattle Cut: National Junior, New Bedford, Mass.; Stanley Moore, Hyannis, Mass.

Blanchard: Seattle Fleet Season, Seattle; Douglas L. Footh, Seattle.

Blue Jay: Open Invitation, Babylon, N.Y.; Joe Weiner, Perth Amboy, N.J.

Comet: International, Ithaca, N.Y.; John M. MacCausland, Drexel Hill, Pa.

C Sloop: Inland Lakes YA Regatta, Minneapolis; William L. Wallen, Delavan Lake, Wis.

Dragon: International Gold Cup, Copenhagen; Walter Windryer, Toronto.

D Sloop: Inland Lakes YA Regatta, Minneapolis; W. C. Welch, Lake Harriet, Minn.

E Sloop: Inland Lakes YA Regatta, Minneapolis; Harry Meigs Jr., Lake Geneva, Wis.

El Toro: National, Lake Merced, Calif.; Paul Collette, Hayward, Calif.

CONTINUED



MALLORY CUP was won by Harry Meigs Jr., a new sailor from Lake Geneva, Wis.

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SAILBOAT RESULTS *continued*

Pirety: North American, Montreal; Harold Brown, Boston.

U.S. Meters National, Oyster Bay, N.Y.; Arthur Knapp Jr., Larchmont, N.Y.

Pack: Stratford Shoal Race, Eastchester Bay, N.H.; John S. Vansant, Huntington Valley, Pa.

Flying Dutchman: World, Whitstable, England; Mario Capio, Italy.

Hampton G-Dr: National, Annapolis, Md.; George Conrad, Norfolk, Va.

Highlander: International, Perth Amboy, N.J.; Mark Bratton, Corpus Christi, Texas.

International One-design: World, Hamilton, Bermuda; Herman Whiton, Oyster Bay, N.Y.

International Flotilla: World, Santa Barbara, Calif.; Austin Peeples, Los Angeles.

International 14: International, Annapolis, Md.; George Moffat, Toms River, N.J.

Jas 14: National, Beachwood, N.Y.; Max Culpepper, Toms River, N.J.

Jolly Boat: National, Westhampton Beach, N.Y.; Dave Smith, Marblehead, Mass.

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SEARS CUP went to John Welch, skipper of the Hudson (Quebec) Yacht Club crew.



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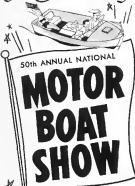
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SAILBOAT RESULTS continued

K-30: National, San Diego; Peggy Slater, San Diego.

Lehman Dinghy: National, Newport Harbor, Calif.; John De Rosa, Newport Beach, Calif.

Lightning: International, Detroit; Herman Nickels, Fenton, Mich.

Luders 10: International, Hamilton, Bermuda; Cyril Cooper, Hamilton, Bermuda.

Moth: International, Miami; Ken Klare, Miami.

National One-design: World, Milwaukee; John Christianson, Milwaukee.



MORSE TROPHY was won by the Harvard University team, Bill Saltonstall, skipper.

110: International, San Diego; Al Frost Jr., San Diego.

PC: National, Newport Harbor, Calif.; Hilary Morris Brown, West Los Angeles.

Pelican: National, Coconut Grove, Fla.; Frederick Merritt Jr., Coconut Grove, Fla.

Penguin: International, Long Beach, Calif.; Jay Markham, Gardena, Calif.

Revere: National, Cleveland; Al Bartolotti, Detroit.

Robah: National, Vermilion, Ohio; Mrs. Bobbie Herndon, Springfield, Ill.

Rhodes Boston: National, Skaneateles, N.Y.; A. Nicholson, Skaneateles, N.Y.

Sabot: National, Long Beach, Calif.; John Gilber, San Diego.

Six-meter: North American, Center Island, N.Y.; James C. Crang, Toronto.

Snap: World, Porto Alegre, Brazil; Paul Elvstrom, Denmark.

Snow Bird: National, Newport Beach, Calif.; Cal Preston, Newport Beach, Calif.

Star: International, Newport Beach, Calif.; Lowell North, San Diego.

Thistle: National, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Jerry Jenkins, Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Turnabout: National Midget, Lake George, N.Y.; Michael Davies, Brookline, Mass.

CONTINUED



These boats and motors
love water...

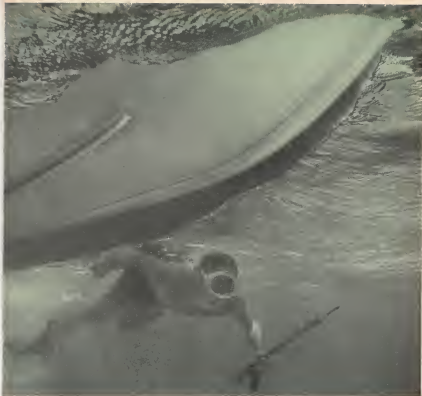
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Reynolds Aluminum

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Blue Star	Orlando Clipper
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Cherokee	Resortor
Crestliner	Rich Line
Delhi Boats	Seamald
DuraCraft	Sea Nymph
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Buccaneer	Mercury
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An aluminum boat won't waterlog, rot, or rust, even in salt water

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And aluminum's seaworthiness really pays off for the boat owner. It means that an aluminum boat or motor can't waterlog, rust, or rot—in the saltiest sea water, the most brackish fresh water. It means you never have to scrape, sand,

caulk or paint an aluminum boat for protection. An occasional washing down is all the upkeep it needs.

An aluminum boat is a lot lighter—model for model—than a wood or plastic boat, yet it can take a real pounding from rocky beaches, sunken logs, or concrete piers.

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Y-Flyer: National, Lake Allatoona, Ga.; Bill Berry, Marietta, Ga.

Zephyr: National, Clear Lake, Calif.; Larry Wright, Alameda, Calif.

DEEP-WATER-RACE WINNERS

Lipton Cup: 51 miles, Miami (SIRC), Jan. 30-31; Tioga, Bradley P. Noyes, Marblehead, Mass.

Miami-Nassau: 184 miles, Bahamas (SIRC), Feb. 3-4; *Reubens*, Benjamin B. duPont, Essex, Conn.

Nassau Cup: 35 miles, Bahamas (SIRC), Feb. 7; *Cullis*, Jack Marvin Brown, New York City.

St. Petersburg-Nassau: 284 miles, March 14; *Cullis*, Jack Marvin Brown, New York City.

Newport-Ensenada: 140 miles, May 8-9; *Carousel*, Ashley G. Brown, San Diego.
Storm Trysail: L.I. Sound, 200 miles, May 30; *Menary*, Robert N. Bavie Jr., Noroton, Conn.

Swiftsure Lightship: 136 miles, Puget Sound, May 29-31; *Rebel*, A. Douglas Sherwood, Seattle.

Mills Trophy: 75 miles, Tokyo, June 20; *Last Straw*, C. H. Baker, Detroit.

Annapolis-Newport: 468 miles, June 20; *Caper*, H. Irving Pratt, Oyster Bay, N.Y.
Los Angeles-Honolulu: 2,225 miles, July 4; *Nata II*, Peter Grant, Newport Beach, Calif.

Marblehead-Helix: 366 miles, July 12; *Moya Carpet*, Peter Richmond, Riverside, Conn.

Chicago-Mackinac: 333 miles, July 18; *Feather II*, W. G. Peacock, Chicago.

Port Huron-Mackinac: 235 miles, July 25; *Apache*, Wilfred Gmeiner, Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Portland-Mashogue Island: 120 miles, Aug. 15-16; *Palsson*, Thomas J. Watson Jr., Greenwich, Conn.

Rochester Race: 305 miles, Aug. 23; *Mulder*, Frank Shumway, Rochester.

Stamford-Vineyard: L.I. Sound, 231 miles, Sept. 5; *Stern*, A. E. Luders Jr., Stamford, Conn.

Tampa-Sarasota: 50 miles, Sept. 5; *Moya II*, Fred Guggenheimer, St. Petersburg.

St. Petersburg-Clearwater: 40 miles, Sept. 28; *Osprey II*, William Burchenal, Clearwater, Fla.

Tampa-Port Myers: 120 miles, Nov. 6; *Moya II*, Fred Guggenheimer, St. Petersburg.

Abnott Trophy: Newport Harbor, Calif.; *Legend*, Charles Ullman, Newport Beach, Calif.

Whitney Trophy: Los Angeles; *Barlovento*, Don C. Chiffott, Los Angeles.

Rumsey Trophy: San Diego; *Asurita*, Fred Liebhardt, San Diego.



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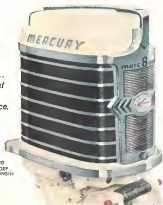
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THE ROLLSICKING postwar boating boom shows no signs of slackening its dizzy pace. Since 1947, the first year of the bonanza, the number of recreational boats in use has nearly quadrupled. Nearly 40 million pleasure sailors took to the water in some 8 million boats last year and spent over \$2 billion. The figures would be even more staggering if enough dock facilities had been available. Some 500,000 boatmen were on waiting lists for marina berths, and more than a million people who applied for mooring space were turned away. The

National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers estimates that 2 million more boats would have been sold in 1958 if there had been enough moorings to go around. It is on this optimistic note that New York's National Motorboat Show, celebrating its 50th anniversary, will open on Jan. 15. For 10 days (through Jan. 24), 411 exhibitors will display the newest boats (some of which are shown on these pages), motors and accessories, and the show expects to surpass last year's record crowds (415,000) and record sales (\$26,790,000).



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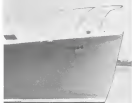
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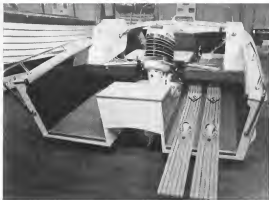


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STURDY 15-foot Sting Ray S&I Boat, built by Custom Craft, has unusually versatile seating arrangement. Price: \$895.

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TULE CONTROVERSY

Sirs:

Congratulations on the excellent article *Is Tule Too Good for Ducks?* (SI, Dec. 21). You are doing an outstanding public service by focusing national attention on this deliberate and insidious plan to destroy the magnificent Tule Lake National Wildlife Refuge.

Tule Lake and the adjacent Lower Klamath refuge are the waterfowl crossroads of the Pacific flyway. It is inconceivable that lands so valuable for ducks and geese, which are not in surplus, should ever be sacrificed to homesteading for the growing of crops that would add to the nation's agricultural headaches.

C. R. GUTERMUTH

Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Absolutely no mention is made of the fact that this has been one of the driest years in history in this area and that there is little water anywhere and none in many places that the birds usually use. The dryness was not due to ranchers' greed but to nature's whim. I like to hunt as much as the next fellow and want to see the birds protected, too, but on this kind of argument let's take a look at both sides before we make up our minds.

E. YOUNGER

Albany, Calif.

● It was not an act of God that dried up Tule Lake but the diversion of water from the lake to irrigate farm land. It was indeed a dry summer, with the farmer competing with ducks and geese for water, but the farmers of the Tulelake Irrigation District have a contractual obligation to maintain the water level of Tule.—ED.

Sirs:

Many times those of us who are actively engaged in the never-ending battle of preserving the magnificent runs of migratory fish into Idaho against the encroachment of power-producing projects feel that ours is the unheard cry in the wilderness. To anyone who has ever caught a steelhead or bagged a Canadian brookie any fight to preserve them is worth while.

JAMES W. GIVENS

Lewiston, Idaho

Sirs:

My husband and I came here to Tule as homesteaders in 1929. One of the reasons for our coming here was the ducks and geese. The refuge was not here when we came and Tule Lake was an up-and-

down sump. Since then, chiefly at the expense of the farmers, the lake is diked and furly even in level. We have always been friends of the Fish and Wildlife people, and most of them cooperated with the farmers.

This year is a dry one—the worst we have ever seen. Why don't you mention that our rainfall has been almost nil in this past year? Why don't you say that other lakes in this vicinity are at very low levels and that many reservoirs are dry? Klamath Lake—the source of our irrigation water—is unusually low.

When the hunters arrived from Los Angeles and San Francisco at the opening of the hunting season the lake level was down a few inches. Our Tulelake Irrigation District manager had assumed that we would have some fall moisture to make the difference in the lake level. We have always had it heretofore. We had absolutely no rain, and there was, of course, no runoff. Late in October water was turned down to Tule Lake from Upper Klamath. There had been many birds in the refuge, but the hunters were handicapped by mud and the firing line was hard to reach. The howl comes not from local hunters but from the many who flock

here from the cities—and did they howl!

Now we have had a little stormy weather and the ducks and geese are pouring in. Hunting is excellent. But the hunters who protested so furiously are not here.

The sad part of this story is that the farmers are being called unfair and in consequence will probably be less tolerant of the many hunters who have been allowed to hunt on our land. We, the farmers, feed thousands of birds, the main reason why they stop here.

Mr. Strantz is not an autocrat. He is not sole ruler of TID. He has made some mistakes, we do not always agree with him, but he deserves no such blasting as you are giving him. Some of our TID directors like ducks, too.

Game hogs are becoming a real problem. Hunters in trailer houses, accommodated by the Fish and Wildlife people with toilets and tables, hunt and hunt and hunt. The local people, who have some work to do, cannot compete.

Quail, pheasants and even two ducks were shot in my yard this year. A bullet hole in my den window proves it. Local hunters? Oh no!

DOROTHY STAUNTON

Tulelake, Calif.

Uniform Agreement for the Assignment of a
Player's Contract to or by a Major League Club

THIS AGREEMENT is made this _____ day of _____, 19____, between _____ of the _____ League, and _____ of the _____ League, for the purpose of assigning the contract of _____ to or by the _____ League.

It is Agreed that _____ shall be assigned to or by the _____ League, and that the _____ League shall pay to the _____ League the sum of _____ dollars, for the purpose of assigning the contract of _____ to or by the _____ League.

It is Further Agreed that the _____ League shall pay to the _____ League the sum of _____ dollars, for the purpose of assigning the contract of _____ to or by the _____ League.

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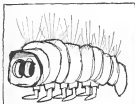
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DO CATERPILLARS SUFFER FROM ATHLETE'S FOOT ITCH?

Can you imagine the pain if they did? Figuring a dozen or so legs per caterpillar—that would be an awful lot of grooming.

Fortunately, caterpillars have no vocal chords. And leading campophiles* claim the little creatures are totally immune to athlete's foot.

But since humans are not, you'll be glad to know a secret that lets you get rid of athlete's foot itch so fast you almost can't believe you had it.

The secret is a new kind of painless iodine**—world's greatest antiseptic. You see, everybody knows iodine is best for infections, even athlete's foot—except that it burns tissue.

But now scientists have made iodine completely safe for you to use on even the most tender skin. And you can get this new painless iodine in a special kit called Iodine Athlete's Foot Treatment . . . with this medical combination that doctors recommend:

First, there's Iodine Liquid. This kills the infecting organism by contact.

Second, there are Q-Tip® Swabs to let you apply the liquid efficiently and hygienically.

Third, there's Medicated Powder to spray in socks and shoes and help prevent re-infection.

If you use our kit conscientiously and as we direct, we guarantee you'll never crawl like a caterpillar because you can't get rid of that terrible athlete's foot itch.

In fact, the Iodine Athlete's Foot Treatment Kit *must* get rid of your athlete's foot—*must* prevent its return—or your money back. Only \$1.35 for all three—liquid, powder and swabs—in one convenient kit.

SELECTED FOR USE BY
U. S. OLYMPIC TEAM



*Caterpillar lover **Codeine polyhydroxyalcohol iodine
Pat. No. 2,328,887 General Iodine & P.O. Box 100
© 1960 Iodine Pharmaceutical Corp., Dover, Del.

Pat on the Back



ROSS McKENNEY

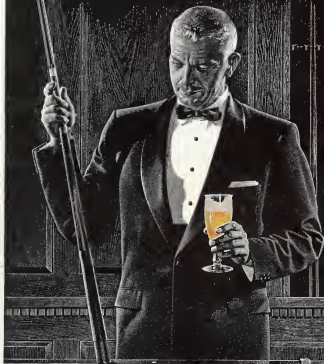
'Food for thought'

The Maine guide, that taciturn outdoorsman of the trackless down-East woods, is a fast-vanishing type. He needed only a rifle and a knife to make the woods his home, and the sportsman he took into the wilderness was taught self-reliance and learned from him to appreciate simple things.

At Dartmouth College in New Hampshire, Ross McKenney, one of the oldtime Maine guides, continues that honorable tradition. The college

catalog lists him as instructor of folklore and woodcraft. The college has called him "friend, teacher, builder of cabins and builder of men." Under Ross McKenney a young Dartmouth undergraduate can learn to make a pair of snowshoes, to catch trout, to hunt deer, to build a log cabin, forge a knife, or construct a canoe. "The woods have everything you want," says McKenney, "food for eating, food for thought and eternal peace."

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from this Genuine Milwaukee Beer.

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a "dream" in styling, power, performance!

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ft to right, new 27-ft. Constellation (\$139 per month), new 33-ft. Sport Fisherman (\$844 per month), new 33-ft. Constellation, new 17-ft. Sportsman (\$69 per month)

